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The Independent.

" BUT AS WE WERE ALLOWED OF GOD TO BE PUT IN TRUST WITH THE GOSPEL, EVEN SO WE SPEAK, NOT AS PLEASING MEN BUT GOD, WHICH TRIETH OUR HEARTS."

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The Independent.

EMANCIPATION—REPUBLICANISM—DEMOCRACY.

BY HENRY WILSON.

GRANDER than the raising of armies and the creation of navies, than marches, or sieges, or battles, was the comprehensive and crowning deed of Emancipation. That huge and hideous system of human bondage in Christian America—upheld by the aggregated interest of $3,000,000,000 in the flesh and blood, brain and soul, of man; hedged about by the accumulated passions and prejudices, prides and ambitions, of seven generations; entrenched within the social, political, and ecclesiastical organizations and affiliations of life—was shivered to atoms by the sturdy and persistent blows of the Republican party. By a series of legislative and executive acts, it broke the chains and lifted from the depths of chattelhood up to the summits of manhood four and a half millions of beings made in the image of God. It was said of Wilberforce that he went to his God with the shackles of 800,000 West Indian slaves in his hands. The Republican party enters the forum of the nations with four and a half millions of riven fetters in one hand and four and a half millions of title-deeds of American citizenship in the other. These broken fetters, these title-deeds, it holds up to the gaze of the living present and the advancing future. In the progress of the ages, it has been given to few generations, in any form or by any modes, to achieve a work so vast, so grand, so sure to be recorded by the historic pen, or flung upon the canvas in enduring colors. Defeat and disaster may come upon the Republican party; it may perish utterly from the land it saved and made free. But its name will be forever associated with the emancipation of millions of a poor, friendless, and hated race; their elevation to the hights of citizenship; their exaltation to equality of civil rights and privileges; and, crowning act of all, the prerogative to vote and be voted for. These benificent deeds will live in the hearts of coming generations, and

> "Brighter glow and gleam immortal,
> Unconsumed by moth or rust."

In this grand work of emancipation, approved by earth and blessed of Heaven, the Democratic party had no part whatever. For more than a quarter of a century, before slavery raised the banners of civil war, it had been its pliant tool, ever swift to come to its support before it was called, and run on its errands before it was sent. Ever prompt to obey its decrees, the Democracy clung to the relentless and unappeasable foe of the country, after it had inspired a bloody resolution to blot the fairest American Republic from the map of nations. After civil war had reddened our fields with the blood of our able sons; after it had sent wounds, sickness, and sorrows into the homes of the people; the Democratic party persistently continued to resist every measure for the nation's defense, if that measure tended in the slightest degree to harm the admitted cause of all our woe. Throughout the war, of which slavery was the inspiration, the heart, and soul—and long after it became clear to the comprehension of intelligent patriotism that its death would be the annihilation of the rebellion, the unity of the Republic, the life of the nation, the harmonious development of free institutions, the repose, culture, and renown of the people—the Democratic party mourned and would be not be comforted over every blow struck at the retreating fiend.

During the past twenty-five years, the Democratic party has been the deadliest foe of the African race, and of its friends. It has scoffed at and jeered at every generous, humane, and ennobling idea; and steadfastly striven to defeat every measure to make it free, recognize its rights, or elevate its condition. It resisted making free slaves used by the rebels for military purposes, at the opening of the war, and the act forbidding officers of the army to return fugitives seeking the protection of the national flag; the abolition of slavery in the nation's capital, and the prohibition of slavery in the national territories; the repeal of the fugitive slave act, and the freedom of slaves captured or coming within the lines of our armies; the recognition of the nationality of Hayti and Liberia, and Mr. Lincoln's Proclamation of Emancipation; the enrollment of black soldiers to fight the battles of the country, and the freedom of black soldiers, their wives, and their children; giving to the colored people of the District of Columbia the right to testify in the courts, and the right to ride in the public conveyances; the constitutional amendment abolishing slavery in the United States, and the Freedman's Bureau for the aid, protection, and education of emancipated bondmen; suffrage to colored men in the District of Columbia and in the territories; the Civil Rights measure securing to black men the full and equal benefit of all laws for the security of person and property, and the amendment of the Constitution providing that no person shall be denied equal protection of the laws; equalizing representation, so that three of Wade Hampton's troopers shall no longer count the same as seven of the loyal soldiers of the North; forbidding the payment of the rebel debt, or payment for slaves emancipated; the Reconstruction measures giving to colored men in the rebel states the right to vote, and the acts restoring the seven reconstructed states to their practical relations. During all the struggles for these and kindred measures, by which slavery has been abolished and the freedman elevated to the full rights and privileges of American citizenship in the states lately in rebellion, the Democratic party has appealed and continues to appeal to passion and prejudice to hinder the realization of the new-born hopes inspired by emancipation.

THE NATIONAL FAITH AND HONOR.

BY HORACE GREELEY.

IF we do not wholly forget, we may not so vividly as once remember, the year of disaster and doubt that followed McClellan's failure before Richmond, and Stonewall Jackson's too successful raid down the Shenandoah Valley in the Summer of 1863. That year witnessed McClellan's spiritless and wanton flight before an inferior force, from his strongly entrenched position on the Chickahominy, through the White Oak Swamp to the James, after destroying or leaving to the enemy provisions, munitions, and works which had cost the purchase of a kingdom; Pope's disastrously bloody campaign in Northern Virginia; Miles's shameful surrender of 12,000 men at Harper's Ferry, whom Gen. McClellan, by moving promptly and vigorously on that point from Frederick might nevertheless have saved; the fruitless, indecisive carnage at Antietam; Bragg's triumphal career in Tennessee and Kentucky, scarcely resisted by Buell, save in the awkwardly-fought drawn battle at Perryville, where our losses were greater than the enemy's; Bragg's unharrassed and plunder-laden withdrawal from Kentucky; Burnside's repulse with frightful carnage at Fredericksburg; the scarcely less dispiriting "Mud March"; Sherman's failure before Vicksburg; the baffled leaguer of Charleston; the unaccountable and costly miscarriage of our land and naval forces at Galveston; Hooker's costly rebuff at Chancellorsville; Milroy's demolition at Winchester, etc., etc. Few of us can wholly forget the harrowing anxieties and agonizing disappointments of that gloomy year, so benignantly lighted up at its close by Meade's victory at Gettysburg, Grant's capture of Vicksburg, and Banks's brilliant reduction of the Rebel stronghold at Port Hudson, whereby the Mississippi was finally cleared of Rebel batteries and restored to the commerce and flag of the Union.

That was a year of darkness which came near eclipsing forever the sun of our Union. The only gleams which persistently gladden it are those radiated from President Lincoln's two immortal Proclamations of Freedom.

In that year of desperate effort and unlooked-for calamities were laid the foundations of our great National Debt. True, we had incurred debt already, and provided for incurring more; but it was carried above One Billion of Dollars by the series of national misfortunes which begun with the fuller demonstration, before Richmond, of McClellan's incapacity, and the manifestation in the West of Buell's defect—which, certainly, not being incapacity, must have been something even worse. That year found our National Debt some two or three hundred millions; its disasters forced us to a scale of preparation and of warfare which carried the debt above Two Billions.

We now owe, in round numbers, Two Billions and a Half of Dollars. This debt is a part of the price of our national salvation. We might have escaped it (for a time) by giving up the country to the Rebels. They would never have rested content with the half of it; and, even if they would, their Northern friends would not let them. We might have precluded it if Grant, and Sherman, and Sheridan had been at the head of our armies at the outbreak of the war. Four-fifths of our great debt may be fairly charged to the generalship of Scott, McClellan, Halleck, Buell, etc.; and the whole of it to the wanton wickedness of the Slaveholders' Rebellion.

The debt is a great fact; how shall it be dealt with?

The Republican National Platform, framed at Chicago when Gen. Grant and Colfax were nominated, answers this question as follows:

"III. We denounce all forms of Repudiation as a national crime; and the national honor requires the payment of the public indebtedness in the uttermost good faith to all creditors at home and abroad, not only according to the letter, but the spirit, of the laws under which it was contracted.

"IV. It is due to the labor of the nation that taxation should be equalized, and reduced as rapidly as the national faith will permit.

"V. The National Debt, contracted, as it has been, for the preservation of the Union for all time to come, should be extended over a fair period for redemption; and it is the duty of Congress to reduce the rate of interest thereon, whenever it can be honestly done.

"VI. That the best policy to diminish our burden of debt is to so improve our credit that capitalists will seek to loan us money at lower rates of interest than we now pay, and must continue to pay so long as repudiation, partial or total, open or covert, is threatened or suspected."

The Democratic National Platform, framed in Tammany Hall when Seymour and Blair were nominated, answers the same question thus:

"*Third.* Payment of the public debt of the United States as rapidly as practicable, all moneys drawn from the people by taxation, except so much as is requisite for the necessities of the Government economically administered, being honestly applied to such payment; and where the obligations of the Government do not expressly state upon their face, or the law under which they were issued does not provide, that they shall be paid for in coin, they ought, in right and in justice, be paid in the lawful money of the United States.

"*Fourth.* Equal taxation of every species of property according to its real value, including Government bonds and other public securities."

—It would be an insult to the reader's understanding to comment on these contrasted declarations. One of them means, "Pay the debt in full, just as we agreed!" while the other as plainly says, "Cavil, quibble, demur, resist, and never pay a cent that we can possibly avoid paying." No one can misunderstand the drift, the *animus*, of either.

The taxation of Government securities is governed by law and compact. Chief-Justice Marshall decided, in 1820, that no state or municipality could tax the bonds of the United States; as, were it otherwise, the states might defeat, by their exercise of the taxing power, the express and vitally needed power of the Federal Government to borrow money. No jurist has ever impugned this decision.

True, the Government might make its bonds locally taxable; but, if it did, it must pay just so much higher rate of interest as the probable amount of taxes on its bonds. If Government bonds are untaxable, they will net to the Treasury just so much more as that exemption is worth. In peace we should always be able to borrow on untaxed bonds at 4 to 5 per cent.; when the same bonds, made taxable, must pay 6 to 7 per cent. Idiots alone could imagine that exemption is a favor *to the bondholder;* he pays for it, precisely as he pays for his bond. Only by issuing bonds untaxable, and then taxing them—that is, by repudiation and rascality—can anything be made by taxing bonds.

The Journal of Commerce—a thoroughly, bitterly Democratic paper—replying to *The Louisville Journal*, thus tersely exposes the villainy of the pretense that the Five-Twenty bonds are lawfully payable in greenbacks:

"The statement in regard to the contract is erroneous in every particular. Instead of the issue of the greenbacks being 'long before' the contract with the bondholders, both were first provided for in precisely the same moment of time, the authority for the first of each being in the same Act, bearing date February 25th, 1862. This Act, instead of making greenbacks a legal-tender for the bonds, provides for exactly the reverse, the bonds being authorized only and solely as a convenient security in which to fund the notes therein described, in order to check their tendency to depreciation. They were issued after the notes, of course; being designed as a funding loan to convert the paper into a gold-bearing bond. We do 'deny' most emphatically that these bonds, into which the greenbacks were to be funded, were payable after all in the very thing which the holders exchanged for them. On the contrary, the receipts of coin were expressly set apart in the same Act (sec. 5), *first*, to pay the interest, and, *second*, to pay the principal of these very bonds! *The Louisville Journal* denies this; but there stands the Act to speak for itself."

—I only add to this utter demolition of the central Copperhead assumption that the bonds are payable in greenbacks my earnest entreaty that every Republican speaker and writer meet this question like men. In the immortal words of Lincoln's Second Inaugural, "with firmness in the right, as God gives us to see the right," let us, trusting in the integrity of the American people, stand firmly by the faith and honor of the Republic.

PATIENCE TAUGHT BY NATURE.

"O DREARY life!" we cry. "O dreary life!"
And still the generation of the birds
Sing through our sighing, and the flocks and herds
Serenely live while we are keeping strife
With Heaven's true purpose in us, as a knife
Against which we may struggle. Ocean girds
Unslackened the dry land; savannah-swards
Unweary sweep; hills watch, unworn; and rife
Meek leaves drop yearly from the forest trees,
To show above the unwasted stars that pass
In their old glory. O thou God of old!
Grant me some smaller grace than comes to *these;*
But so much patience as a blade of grass
Grows by, contented through the heat and cold.

THE WORK BEFORE US.

BY FREDERICK DOUGLASS.

IT is eminently creditable to the sagacity, if not to the honesty, of the Democratic leaders that they prefer to limit discussion of the merits of their party, in the present canvass, strictly to the platform adopted in New York by their Fourth of July National Convention. For very obvious reasons, they are "dead" against dead issues. There is as much shrewdness as apparent resignation in their willingness to let "bygones be bygones." In this prompt, business-like course there would be much to commend, if one did not see lurking behind it a very ugly fact which it is designed to conceal. In the effort to withdraw the war record of the Democratic party there is either a sense of its criminality or a conviction of its present odiousness. Their policy evidently is to attack, not to defend; and in this they are wise. They are smart men, and largely gifted with powers of utterance; but the task of defending the policy of their party during the war would leave time for little else, were they once to enter upon it. They therefore cast it aside altogether. They know that, like Lord Granby's character, there are some things which can only pass without censure, as they pass without observation. No men more readily than they perceive the effect which time and events have wrought in the minds of men. Deeds which were once done with impunity, and even gloried in at the time of their perpetration, by a slight change in the varying current of events, assume an aspect too revolting for defense. It is now much easier to assail the Republican party for its awkward management of public affairs than to defend the efforts of Governor Seymour and his friends to resist the drafts and other necessary measures for the preservation of the Union. So far as the endeavor to divert attention from the position occupied by the Democratic party during the war may be taken as a confession, it is at least valuable to outsiders. It is always a decided gain to the cause of justice to have even an implied admission of guilt on the part of the culprit. Excellent, however, as confession is, it does very little good to anybody unless coupled with an honest purpose to forsake the evil way, and an earnest effort to reform.

Of course, nothing of this sort is a part of the purpose of the Democratic leaders. No men know better than themselves that their party cannot afford to repent. A party without voters is among the most worthless of all worthless things. What the Democratic party now most of all wants is voters—members. These are to be had mainly from those classes of the American people who are proud of their contempt for humanity—who scout benevolence and brotherly kindness as the weakest nonsense. The party can only thrive where pride of race and narrow selfishness would appropriate to a class the rights which belong to the whole human family. To renounce this meanness would be to renounce its existence. Its mission is to keep alive all the malice which the negro's loyalty and his limited freedom have kindled against him. This is the necessity of the party. The country is divided; and, when it is impossible for a party to receive support from one part, it must seek it in another. Abuse of the negro is not, therefore, always to be taken as a matter of choice on the part of Democratic editors and speakers; but rather as a necessity of the party to which they belong.

How much the Democratic party might gain were it, merely with a view to its own strength, to endeavor to lead a new life is a speculation upon which I need not enter. The little effort made in that direction with Mr. Chase is thought to have done the party more harm than good. The party is strongest with those who stand no nonsense of this decent sort. They want no smooth-faced concessions to virtue. They want the genuine pungent article of the negro, with two "*gg's.*" Besides, nobody could well believe in it were the party to declare a change of heart and purpose. With a confessed trickster and falsifier as its standard-bearer (a man who, if the reports of his associates can be relied upon, secured his nomination by a course of cunning, duplicity, lying, treachery, and bribery unparalleled in the history of party politics), people would be slow to accept the professions of such a party.

But let us not be deceived nor diverted from the real work we have in hand. The contest to which all good and true men are summoned in the present canvass is no new one. It is, in fact, but a continuation of the mighty struggle of a great nation to shake off an old and worn-out system of barbarism, with all its natural concomitants of evil. It is a part of our thirty years' effort to place the country in harmony with the age, and to make her what she ought to be—a leader, and not a mere follower, in the pathway of civilization. Rebellion has been subdued, slavery abolished, and peace proclaimed; and yet our work is not done. The Democratic party has changed the whole face of affairs. The foe is the same, though we are to meet him on a different field and under different leaders. In the ranks of Seymour and Blair is the rebel army, without its arms. Let not the connection of the present with the past be ignored nor forgotten. We are face to face with the same old enemy of liberty and progress that has planted agony at a million hearthstones in our land. There has been no change in the character or in the general purpose of the Democratic party. It is for peace or for war, or against either, precisely as it can be made to serve the great privileged class at the South, to which it belongs. The party that annexed Texas; that began and prosecuted the inglorious war against a neighboring Republic, thus setting the bad example subsequently followed by France and Austria—the strong against the weak; that hunted down the humane Seminoles with bloodhounds, because they gave shelter to slaves running away from Georgia; that avowed its purpose to suppress freedom of speech and of the press in time of peace in the interest of slavery; that repealed the Missouri Compromise, and opened the blackened tide of bondage upon the virgin soil of Kansas; that, from the beginning to the end of the late war against slavery in arms, uniformly sided with the rebels and against the loyal North—is the same party from footsole to crown, unchanged and unchangeable. Its character is not better known to loyal men than to the defeated rebels. It is neither strange nor surprising that the latter flock to it as the last resort of their Lost Cause.

We have had many issues with the slave power during the past thirty years, but we have never had but one *cause;* and the same is true of the slave power. Indeed, the same is always true in all countries and in all times. The world has always been in some way divided essentially as parties are now divided in our country. Men change; principles are eternal. Holland—whether pleading her ancient charters; asking the removal of oppressive, dissolute, mercenary Spanish troops from her borders; opposing the establishment of new bishoprics; humbly appealing for the removal of the gifted but cruel and treacherous Cardinal Granville; or boldly resisting that grand aggregation of human horrors, the Inquisition—was all the while serving only one cause. The sacred liberty of conscience; the right of a man to form his own opinions upon all matters of religion—this was the cause of freedom then. While popery, on the other side, whether dealing in fair words or fierce blows, whether entangling its victims in cunningly-devised sophistries or torturing them with cord and steel, rack and fire, had but the same old cause — religious slavery. Think as we command, or die! As in our day men claim the right to dispose of the bodies of men, so they of Mother Church claimed the right to dispose of both soul and body. As stood the sturdy old Hollanders three centuries ago, so we stand to-day. Times change and new issues arise; men appear and disappear; but evermore the same old principles of good and evil, right and wrong, liberty and slavery, summon their respective votaries to the contest. The slaveholding rebels, struck down by Gen. Grant as by a thunderbolt, scarcely recover from the terrific shock before they stagger off to the Democratic party. There they go—stricken generals of the rebel army — Henry A. Wise and Wade Hampton, Toombs and Cobb, Forrest and Beauregard. The evil spirits cast out of the man among the tombs take refuge in the herd of swine. We shall see with what consequences to the poor animals in November, and to themselves.

The policy, but not the purpose, of the rebels is changed. Names are nothing. It matters little to them by what name the thing for which they strive is called; and equally indifferent are they as to the means they employ. Success is the main consideration.

Secession and rebellion were undertaken for one purpose, and one purpose alone—and that was to secure to the slaveholding class permanent control over the black laborers of the South. It was to give to white capital a firmer hold and a tighter grip upon the throat of the negro. They believed in the Divine appointment of slavery. What they believed then they believe now; what they meant then they mean now. Here and there in the rebel states there may be found a man who has honestly renounced his ancient faith, and accepted the true doctrine of liberty and the great principle of *Equal Rights;* but the mass of Southern white men and women are in heart and purpose the same as when they confronted the free North on the battle-field. You may send General Lee a million of dollars for his rebel college; but, while Arlington Heights is the resting-place of our loyal dead, you will get no sign of a hearty renunciation of the malign purpose for which he drew his rebel sword.

The South to-day is a field of blood. Murder runs riot in Texas, Tennessee, Mississippi, and Louisiana. Assassination has taken the place of insurrection. Armed bands of rebels stalk abroad at midnight with blackened faces, and thus disguised go forth to shoot, stab, and murder their loyal neighbors.

It is impossible to exaggerate the solemn character of the crisis. While Andrew Johnson remains in the presidential chair, and the Democratic party, with Seymour and Blair, are in the field, feeding the rebel imagination with a prospect of regaining through politics what they lost by the sword, the South must continue the scene of war she is. The work to which every loyal man and woman in the country is now called is to employ every possible honorable means, between now and November, to defeat and scatter the Democratic party. Our one work now is to elect GRANT and COLFAX—and that by a vote so pronounced and overwhelming as to extinguish every ray of hope to the rebel cause.

CLAIMS OF THE FREEDMEN'S COMMISSION.

BY WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON.

THE claims of the Freedmen's Commission are manifold, demanding by their importance and solemnity a generosity of contribution and a vigor of effort far exceeding all that has yet been done in furtherance of its sublime undertaking. To some of these claims renewed attention is earnestly solicited.

1. The Commission has no sectarian object or bias. Its sole aim is to extend the common-school system of New England throughout the South—a system devised and sustained by THE PEOPLE, on a common basis and by general taxation. It therefore exacts no theological conformity of opinion, and raises no inquiries as to the peculiar religious tenets entertained by those who ask to be employed as teachers. It rejects none, it favors none, simply because he is or is not connected with any church, or holds or discards what is special to some denominational body. All such matters it leaves to be settled elsewhere, on another plane of action. To be governed by a different rule would be acting contrary to the genius of popular government, and setting a precedent which, if generally followed, would end in the substitution of sectarian for common schools, and impair the security of our free institutions. True, in the opinion of the Apostle Paul, it was better that Christ should be preached through strife than not preached at all; nevertheless, he is not to be quoted as giving his sanction to any such wrangling or rivalry. So, undoubtedly, it is better that the freedmen should be instructed in the common branches of education by Romanists, Presbyterians, Baptists, Methodists, etc., etc., as such, in connection with their exclusive schemes for religious proselytism, than not taught at all. But this is neither necessary nor desirable. The common-school system, in the conduct and control of which all parties and sects are equally interested, and which they voluntarily contribute of their means to uphold, is our best security against political despotism, on the one hand, and the union of church and state, on the other. Reading, writing, grammar, arithmetic, geography, history, the languages, belong to no sect. If the moral character of the person desirous of employment as a teacher is thoroughly exemplary, and his qualifications in all other respects are satisfactory, no further inquiry is to be made. On this ground the Freedmen's Commission has based its operations from the beginning, and will continue to stand as long as it can obtain the means to carry on its beneficent work. Hence, on this ground it is entitled to universal approval, and should be the chosen medium through which all pecuniary contributions should pass having in view the primary instruction of the Southern freedmen.

2. The next claim of the Freedmen's Commission for liberal assistance, in the present exigency, is the emptiness of its treasury. It has not only disbursed as fast as it has received, but it has frequently incurred liabilities on the strength of its faith in benefactions yet to be realized through the benevolent purposes of both old and new contributors. Striving to do its utmost, it has had the pain and mortification to see the field of its usefulness diminishing, instead of enlarging, as it should do continually. Even its New England branch (the most efficient of any) has been compelled, for lack of means, to curtail its list of teachers greatly—some forty in number less than hitherto; and the reduction must go on, unless speedy pecuniary aid be rendered. Surely, while there is a competent Northern teacher ready to go to the South, and in this blessed work of enlightenment cheerfully encounter all the proscription, obloquy, and peril it necessarily involves, there should promptly be the means provided for his or her employment. Such individual consecration, in the very spirit of ancient martyrdom, calls for admiration, gratitude, support.

Another strong claim of the Commission for continued and greatly increased patronage is the wonderful success which has already crowned this educational movement in behalf of the freedmen. Not less than two hundred thousand of them have been taught to read, a very large proportion also to write; and nearly all this accomplished within the last four years, in the face of the most formidable obstacles! No such avidity for knowledge, no such aptitude for learning, have ever before been known among any people. It surpasses all that had been prophesied or hoped of them by their most sanguine advocates; it almost supasses belief itself; and yet it is proved by the testimonies of the teachers, and by official statistics of an unimpeachable character. No matter how or where the seed is sown, it germinates quickly. No natural inferiority of the race has yet been discovered. There is nothing that, in all their extreme destitution, they covet so strongly as a knowledge of letters; and to obtain it they are ready to undergo fatigue, hardship, deprivation, in many instances to an affecting extent. None are too old to be deterred from trying to master the mysterious alphabet; and their concern for their children, in this matter, is as though it were a question of life or death. Is there elsewhere, in all the world, such an inviting field for educational effort, where the results are so marked or the recompense so sure? Its profitable cultivation, therefore, not only admits of no skepticism, but calls for whatever it is practicable for Northern intelligence, enterprise, philanthropy to accomplish through one grand co-operative movement, under the enlightened management of the Freedmen's Commission. Let it be remembered that this rudimental instruction is the germ of all scholarly attainment. The primary schools must necessarily be followed by others of a higher order, culminating in academies and universities, as at the North.

There is no hope for the ignorant and degraded white population of the South, that to them shall be extended the invaluable boon of education, excepting through the success of the experiment to teach those whose wrongs and sufferings, while held in slavery, demands for them the first consideration. Let the freedmen's schools be abandoned by neglect, or suppressed by local mob violence, and no man may look for any educational provisions in behalf of "the poor white trash" in that benighted section of our country. In that case all the reconstuction acts of Congress will be paralyzed, and rebel supremacy assuredly be established, and will not fail to carry out its evil designs to the uttermost. Then, North and South, look out for "a day of wrath, a day of trouble and distress, a day of wasteness and desolation, a day of darkness and gloominess, a day of clouds and thick darkness, a day of the trumpet and alarm against the fenced cities, and against the high towers!"

THADDEUS STEVENS.

BY GRACE GREENWOOD.

THE funeral obsequies of Thaddeus Stevens, in Washington, if less imposing than they would have been had Congress been in session, seemed to us more impressive. The demonstration, severely simple as it was, came directly from the people. *They* were doing honor to their great representative; *they* were mourning for their dead friend. There was in particular something profoundly touching in the sorrow of the colored people—something peculiarly fitting in their participation in those last sad honors. While the body yet remained in the modest house of the Great Commoner, his own servants watched by it, standing like bronze statues of sorrowful devotion. Colored soldiers marched beside his coffin as it was borne over to the rotunda. They stood guard over it while it lay in state, watched by it at night, and accompanied it to Lancaster. Colored ministers had been admitted to the bedside of the dying man, and had prayed with him; and the only imperfect feature of the funeral arrangements at the Capitol was that no colored speaker was appointed to follow Dr. Gray in his eloquent and powerful eulogy. But perhaps it was as well this class of chief-mourners spoke only by their somber presence there. "He opened His mouth for the dumb."

As I stood in the portico of the rotunda, on the morning of the removal of the body of Mr. Stevens from his house, and watched the coffin moving down the avenue, guarded and followed by grateful representatives of the race he had so long labored to enfranchise, "encompassed by a cloud of witnesses" to the genuineness of his humanity, to his faithfulness, courage, and unflinching loyalty, I felt that it was the grandest funeral procession I ever beheld. Yet I had seen that of more than one great statesman, more than one president. When the coffin came up the long steps, slowly and gently, as though borne upward less by those reverent hands than by the melancholy surge of the "Dead March," with the sad reflection that *he* mounted those steps for the last time came the triumphant thought that he ascended them as a conqueror—that he mounted to his crowning.

"In these days of darkness—when men fail us, when men of high degree are a lie and those of low degree are a vanity"—how absolute was the faith we reposed in the political integrity of this man! How true the expression *reposed!* so quiet, and sure, and satisfied was the reliance. He *could* not fail us. About this staunch old Lancastrian, at least, there was "no variableness nor shadow of turning." We knew that ambition had no gaud glittering enough to allure the eye fixed on the star of a high purpose; we knew that the boldest political intriguer would as soon enter a powder-magazine with a lighted candle as approach *him* with a bribe. We knew that—through opposition, obloquy, bitter detraction, peril, and sickness—the Republic was sure of her man. We said he would sink at last as sunk the Cumberland: that only "death's cold floods" could silence his guns, and that the brave old flag would float over him to the end.

I have unfortunately missed hearing the later speeches of Mr. Stevens. The last I listened to from him was a brief effort, some time in the winter—a reply to Mr. Brooks, whose elaborate anti-negro suffrage speech read so remarkably like articles of impeachment against the Almighty for creating the African, to whom the speaker virtually denied a common humanity with members of Congress.

The first words of Mr. Stevens's response, uttered in tones of thrilling solemnity, were simply, "God has made of one blood all the nations of the earth." This was followed by a few strokes of quiet sarcasm, which had the ring of wit but the force of logic.

Mr. Stevens's keen wit and a certain quaint, grim humor, still more peculiar to him, continued to mark not only his public speaking, but his private conversation, to the last. One morning, after his increasing feebleness had compelled him to be borne in a chair from his carriage up the stairs of the Capitol to the floor of the House, he said to the stalwart young men who bore him: "Ah! boys, who will carry me up these steps when *you* are dead?"

This grim jest gives expression to his peculiar tenacious vitality, his mighty will to live, which made such a good fight with his last Protean adversary.

In the early part of the dreadful hot season, we spent a morning with him. He seemed little prostrated by the heat; he evidently did not snuff death in the scorching air. He seemed as fiery and vital as the sun; his brave spirit mounted with the mercury.

Very pleasant and sacred is the memory of those last words, reminiscent and prophetical, of our great-hearted friend. He was a masterly though somewhat severe critic of character. Often in his talk he held a grand review of his cotemporaries; and that was a rare good soldier on whom his eye rested with entire approval.

Of President Lincoln he said: "He was eminently a *frank* man. He once rated me soundly for a speech I made on the conduct of the war, saying I was too fast, and would ruin all. I, of course, thought him too slow; and we had a pretty hot discussion. Just about a year later, he sent for me; and I went to him. It was a hot day, and he was lying about on sofas and chairs, in a disjointed way he had. I knew him by the fragments, and so was able to reconstruct him. 'Mr. Stevens,' he said, 'I have just been reading a speech of yours.' 'I am flattered, Mr. President, said I; but I am not aware that I have made any speech lately.' 'I know it,' he answered; 'but this is a speech you made last year—the one I scolded you about, you remember?' 'Oh! yes, Mr. President,' said I; 'one don't easily forget *your* scoldings. I remember perfectly.' 'Well, Mr. Stevens, *you* were right, and *I* was wrong!'"

We have been near neighbors of Mr. Stevens, on Capitol Hill; and from day to day have hung with sorrowful interest on his steps, as he slowly went down into the shadowy valley. We almost shared with him the pain, the mortal languor, which, as he said, "must come to all of us, at last." On the night when the long-hesitating angel descended, one of us could not sleep until after *he* had rest. Another dreamed she saw some one putting crape on a door, and woke, asking, "Who is dead?" Yet the summer night was full of brooding quiet; soft undulations of cool air seemed waiting to bear forth that tired life from the scene of exhausting labors and tumultuous human passions.

In his last talk with us, he said he had no dread of death. "I cannot bring myself to fear it, as I suppose I ought," he said. "For, according to the creed under which I was reared, I am in sore peril."

"What creed do you refer to, Mr. Stevens," I asked.

"The Orthodox—which teaches that without regeneration there is no salvation. My mother was a Baptist, and so good a woman that it has always seemed to me *her* religion must be the true one. Yet, though I have never experienced what is called 'a change of heart,' I cannot, as I said, bring myself to fear death. I cannot help trusting that all will be well with any honest soul that, *on the whole*, has done its duty by its fellow-creatures, and has not shirked or dodged its responsibilities. I cannot help thinking that there is a better world and a happier life for all of us; *but no one has come back to tell us.* Well, we can at least hope for the best, and face the inevitable."

So vanishes the last familiar, venerable figure from the Hall of Representatives. Of all "the places that once knew him," his seat here will seem the most drearily empty. Something bracing and electrical has been withdrawn from the atmosphere of that chamber. Doubtless, some enfeebled and vitiated constitutions will breathe all the freer. There, even his betrayers and enemies felt his power, and acknowledged it, by a sullen, *wincing* respect. Whenever he spoke, his eye held them like the "glittering eye" of the Ancient Mariner, full to the last of fiery compulsion. Of course, he was hated, as every great, wholesome, courageous nature is hated—as every proud, honest, absolute character is hated—by the weak, the cowardly, and the false; for he was the *Monsieur de Trop* of compromise, the *Marplot* of conspiracy, the sleuth-hound on the track of treason.

Will the younger men who have worked under the spell of his fiery will, his magnetic eloquence, his matchless courage, be worthy and faithful followers still? They sometimes rebelled against his leadership, for there was a touch of tyranny in it; but his spirit was contagious, and must, it would seem, live on in them. Death has made him doubly heroic in their eyes, and given to his rare Roman virtues a certain awful attractiveness. Doubtless, much of his power resulted from his long familiarity with his duties here; his leadership sprang almost as much from experience as genius. Surely, it is the highest political wisdom, and in the end the best party policy, to keep here, from Congress to Congress, tried men. If great men, so much the better; but, first of all, good men—*manly* men.

In the slow old times, before "Rotation in Office" became such a persistent and pestilent party cry, there was something of dignity about Congress—a look of venerableness and stability. But for the last few years the House, at least, has seemed to represent the floating population of the country, like a vast political caravansary. May the great Republican party be wise in its generation, and true to the true. Let those representatives who can look their constituents squarely in the face remain at the posts they have so well defended. Who would be welcome in the place of the eloquent and earnest Judge Kelly, of Pennsylvania? or Ashley, of Ohio—a man of pure and honorable record; the loyal supporter, the friend, and lover of him who is gone? or Julian, of Indiana—an anti-slavery man straight down from the time when it cost something to be one? or gallant Garfield? or faithful Boutwell? or long-headed Banks? or Butler—the mythical monster, and real saviour of New Orleans—in a military, not moral, a sanitary, not saintly, sense?

Now that the sturdiest, faithfulest laborer has gone home, staggering under his sheaves, what arm of all on the field shall make the boldest, broadest sweep? What sickle shall cut the cleanest?

WASHINGTON, August 18th, 1868.

THE RISING PEOPLE.

BY GEN. O. O. HOWARD.

ATLANTA, GA., August 16th, 1868.

MR. THEODORE TILTON:

My Dear Sir:—I received your very interesting letter at this point of my wanderings yesterday.

Till yesterday my heart had been very much encouraged by the improved condition of things so evident everywhere since my last trip through the South. An abundance of cereals is evident. Corn on your right and left, generally wherever there is cleared space for it. Cotton-fields more rare, but very promising. I make an exception of yesterday. There will be cloudy days. Many of our *special* friends here are gloomy. They feel sadly morbid over the social tyranny in the shape of vituperation and ostracism extended to them. One fine gentleman from the interior of the state, who never has swerved from his Union principles, told me: "When I was absent North, my wife was ill nigh unto death; but not a white neighbor extended the least neighborly sympathy—not one called at my door. I have lived there all my life, and have been a good neighbor. I am persecuted because I am a Republican. It is hard to bear." How hard it is to take home to the sore heart the beautiful truth, "Blessed are ye when men shall revile you, and persecute you, and shall say all manner of evil against you, *falsely*, for my sake."

This is Sunday, and I have just returned to the hospitable roof of General Saxton, after visiting the Storrs Sunday-school. You ought to have been at this school to-day, to have deepened your enthusiasm in the cause of education and of truth. Some three hundred scholars, neatly dressed, with eyes sparkling with intelligence, looked up to me; and I assure you I hardly thought of the color so wickedly tabooed, while listening to their prompt responses to their superintendent, and while drinking in the sweet melody of their Sabbath-school songs. Their schoolbuilding is the picture of neatness. The children, great and small, were quiet and attentive, even to our long speeches. There is a completeness of order and training here that has not destroyed, but only deepened, the peculiar enthusiasm of this people. This school is the

The Lost Image.

—:o:—

A STORY.

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CHAPTER XI.

THE BEGINNING.

A YOUTH with Cupid's arrow in his heart is very apt to have Mercury's wings upon his heels. Love is labor's highest inspiration. Fleetwood's cherished hopes were on the eve of attainment. The hungering of his deeper self for the immortal bread was satisfied in his choice of profession. Dwelling in the midst of the high problems which concern human weal, as an eagle amongst Alpine peaks, he grew strong, and broad, and brave, until all lesser work seemed only for the bread which perisheth.

He took, in quick succession, the preliminary steps; and, with a thrill of grandeur at the dignity and responsibility of his office, and a tremor at the novelty, he stood in his first pulpit.

In most professions age and experience are honored. In the ministry age and experience are, at best, tolerated. The new, rich life of the young pastor, flushing with the first expression of truth, his crude theology, his careful mistakes, his pains-taking blunders, and a certain auroral effulgence which plays around latent powers, the dew of his youth shone on by the star of his future—these are some of the meshes of the charm which ensnares first auditors.

Surely, few ever brought to the holy office a purer motive, or a more furnished mind, or a loftier, more sanctified ambition.

The family participated in this exciting launch. Mr. Daltyre, softened by his pecuniary peril, having withdrawn from active business, dwelt with just pride upon his son's noble choice. By way of atonement, he became Mr. Chrystal's coadjutor and treasurer, pushing the divine work of elevating the degraded. And on a cold winter day you may see him threading desolate alleys, and dealing out blessing, while his face glows with a spirit which is the signal, not of conflagration, but of peace.

Mrs. Daltyre was ripening with happiness in the freshened religious atmosphere of her home.

Harry Binyard, disdaining all hereditary names of either family for his superior offspring, ambitiously presented her at the altar as a namesake of the Empress Josephine. And the prodigy of an infant received the adulations, and pinchings, and kissings, and tossings of grand-parents, uncles, and aunts, under the abbreviated title of Josie. Any amount of first-class testimony could have been obtained as to her sweetness, beauty, and precocity; and suborned would have been the witness who, in view of the large blue eyes and plump, rosy cheeks, could testify to the contrary.

After the family agitation at Fleetwood's first pulpit efforts, came the joy at his first settlement. Up the Hudson, not far away, in a neglected neighborhood, where Mr. Chrystal had long since sent a pioneer, a new church was gathered. And Fleetwood stood up, as did Christ on the first day of the feast, and cried: "If any man thirst, let him come unto me and drink."

With the sid which the new pastor was instrumental in collecting, and the mites of his willing flock, a neat edifice soon gave them sanctuary.

Marriage crowned his life equipment. Love and enthusiasm carried the day. Dr. Baraboo, who was settled near the Mannerly home, pronounced the word which called them one—a word which was but the silver cup to hold two dew-drops which had already run together.

"You have caught her at last, my dear young friend," greeted the kind-hearted Doctor Baraboo. "Who could believe it! Little did I think you were out wife-hunting that day in Baxter Street."

The romance of the circumstances which attended their acquaintance was an unfailing theme, and the Doctor never ceased to relate the story with exclamations of wonder. No gentler shepherd and shepherdess ever led a flock into the green pastures and [illegible] the still waters, or swayed it with the [illegible] of the magnetic constraint and beauty of the Cross. So these twain did worship God, in spirit and in truth. Did you hear of it? The world grew better from that year. There was a thief or two less; a few less hungry, less chilly; a few more wretched children on the road to education; time and again an access of joy to the angels of God, and an increment to the grand sum of universal love.

Frank Mannerly, after aiding in the final adjustment of Mr. Daltyre's difficulties, was helped to some capital, and continued the old business at the well-known number on Broadway, under the reconstructed title of "Mannerly, Binyard & Twittle."

You may still find, on the alley side of the edifice, a faded sign, discolored and only partially legible, bearing the device "Daltyre, Monkton & Twittle." It is held only by an iron which passes through the first letter of Monkton's name. And the old porter, as night comes on and the storm is up, thinks he hears Monkton's voice moaning for help as the sign grinds back and forth upon the spike.

It was not that year, nor the next; but it was a certain year and day, when over Frank Mannerly's sterling qualities, which hardened into still greater solidity and power, blew the gentle graces and the cultured affection of Julia Daltyre—even as her flaxen curls with their cerulean tie had blown across his masculine face.

As Frank was passing the City Hall, one day, his progress was impeded by a crowd which swept through the Park. He perceived some policemen dragging along a slender criminal, who was handcuffed. They forced him into the "Black Maria," and Frank Mannerly learned that the destination was Sing-Sing. As the culprit turned his face, a defective eye established his identity as Monkton's business model of years ago.

Dick Garp, successful at times, was carried down at length by the inevitable gravity of disobedience to its natural home, the felon's dungeon.

A woman followed him, much enraged, mingling curses with her tears, and forsook him at last to take her post in a neighboring intelligence office, where her situation was permanent.

Mannerly, filled with painful reminiscences of this lost life, on turning the corner, confronted Mr. Fly, at the threshold of his store. This parchment specimen of everything second-hand led him in through his avenues of soiled books, with an escorting interrogation and the inevitable laugh, yet—marvelous disappointment—composed his countenance without a sign of a whistle. The whistle was buried with Mr. Fattledee. It was a touching tribute to his memory—a phenomenon involving both mental philosophy and anatomy to untangle the intricate and intimate connection between grief and the labial muscles, and which puzzled his customers, scientific and otherwise, to account for. He intermitted his gossip concerning the prominent clergy, at times, to ventilate his appreciation of the homely virtues of their common friend, the lamented Mr. Fattledee.

Mr. and Mrs. Tilbury K. Twittle accepted with joy the new order of things; and that estimable lady, still worried by her chief blessings, prided herself upon having befriended and believed in young Mannerly, and feelingly alluded on signal occasions to the cake and the tears she contributed on his departure for war.

And Frank would tell her, in his pleasant way, that she was the happiest woman in the world, if she would only acknowledge it to herself.

It was after the Thanksgiving dinner in the Daltyre mansion, at which the entire family had gathered, including two or three wavelets announcing the next generation, that Pat Kartoffelhauser presented himself to say farewell to his kind benefactors.

With his savings, and a section of land in the Far West which Mr. Daltyre had presented him, he felt assured of his fortune.

So interwoven had he been with the family history during the past years that his departure was a sad event. Nina followed him into the hall, and left in his hand a souvenir, and brought back a tear.

On his way he called at the Daltyre summering place, and took into his society and embrace the fair daughter of the kind laundress who, in his emergency, once furnished the blueing-bottle for his letter-writing.

His name and his characteristics, in which two nationalities met, made him an eligible candidate in his neighborhood, and thrift waited on his industry.

On the reviewal of his career, at each stage of it Frank Mannerly found confirmation of his favorite theory:

"Obey God's voice, even with present loss; for it is to escape an absolute disaster, and to win in God's better way."

Fleetwood, on his visits home, often reviewed with him their past. On this night the family assembled in the library, amidst the associations and memories of other days. The kindling grate-fire mirrored their minds—the many dark spots of the past, and the light of the present, and occasional jets of flame that pointed to a brighter future.

"I saved my own father on that night of the fire, as it turned out," said Frank, breaking the silence, "because I obeyed my deeper nature, regardless of consequences."

"Truly you did, and by that act made a more lasting impression upon us than did the fire itself—a proof that character is more permanent than the fleeting conditions that develop it."

"I have often reflected that by obeying my deeper intuition, against apparent interest, in accepting the position under Mr. Monkton, and abiding beyond the taint of his bribes and suffering his persecution, I found my dearest Julia."

"Aye; and it proved the circuitous and rough yet sure way—we may say the only way—to the command of the business. God delights in rewarding our fidelity by organizing triumph out of defeat, and on the very field of defeat."

Mrs. Daltyre added: "I believe I can say that God allows his children often to pick up their crowns on the very Calvary where they have suffered."

In the music that succeeded, broad and beautiful horizons were lifted up, and sunny vistas planned.

"I have a letter," said Fleetwood, producing several from his side-pocket—"a long and very interesting one from Carl Goetner, writing up his family and our university reminiscences, and, better still, his mental conflicts, and announcing his appointment as professor extraordinary in the University of Göttingen."

"You have certainly read the morning papers," added Frank, reaching for them. "They are overflowing with the success of Otto Etzel's grand matinee; and the more discreet critics are beginning to endorse his system of popular musical education."

Frank Mannerly fitted into the family as a calm, dignified, prosperous merchant—a strong trellis for Julia's affection, and she laced it over and over with green beauties, and starred it with flowers, and bright pinions brought songs to it.

On that Thanksgiving evening, in the midst of God's favors, of which the chiefest is a grateful heart, this family sat down, recipients of as much and as pure happiness as mortal may contain.

The doing of good to Christ's brethren, for Christ's sake, is the summit position. Men come up to it from every other circumstance and thought. All things lie lower upon the earth than this. Fleetwood had climbed to it out of the yellow slough of wealth and the meshes of an ambitious connection and an assured position.

Nina had climbed to it out of the gutters of Baxter Street, sunned into being by the great human soul that was orbed in Mr. Fattledee.

Morro had reached it through the dilettantism and vanities of his esthetic trade.

Etzel stood near it in his unselfish utterance of truth in melody.

And Frank Mannerly was anchored on its summit like the rocks on Mount Washington, many a day obscured by cloud and drenched with tempest, but sure to be uncovered some golden morning.

Monkton walked downward with his back to the mountain, ambitious to land where Fleetwood started.

And so the images were lost and found, and found and lost. The sweet Image of the Doer of Good escaped from the masterpiece he modeled, and forlornly, irretrievably escaped until, brought near, it is retouched by his own hand. And the Maker and the made, the Saviour and the saved, the elder and the younger brother, stand level only in excarnate beauty.

(Concluded.)

THE DEATH OF A FRIEND.

"I CANNOT realize that she is dead!" How often have I sat by her side, or walked with her through the aisles of the old school-room. Now, the summer winds are blowing over her grave, and we will meet no more this side of the dark river.

A few years ago, a band of merry schoolmates walked together, for a little while, adown the untrodden paths of life. Young and joyous they were, and O how unclouded was that morning sky, all glowing with the rosy tintings of hope!

She was there, fairest and best beloved. How easily can I recall to mind her slight form, soft blue-black hair, gentle eyes, clear white brow, and cheeks just touched with pearly pink.

The pride of our little circle—the friend of all—with a coronal of love encircling her brow, she moved among us.

That girlish band is severed now. Some have removed to distant homes; but she has gone to join that shining throng, "that innumerable company of angels, who have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb."

Farewell, sweet friend! "Early crowned and blest." How many hearts are yearning for thee to-night. How many [illegible] would give all they possess for but one more glimpse of thy pure face. So young, so fair—the gentle maiden! the lovely bride! *How bitter is this cup!* Turn, stricken hearts, and, while your tears fall fast, remember 'tis God who has taken his treasure home.

O let us so live that when "the solemn hour shall come" we may be enabled to mingle our spirits with hers in that paradise above.

A. H. P.

LANELY AGNES MURRAY.

BY REV. J. E. RANKIN.

I.

Oh! lanely Agnes Murray,
Wi' teeth like drifted snaw,
With mou' sae like a peach-cleft
The frosty heart to thaw;
How sweetly do your eyelids
Quiver beneath my gaze,
While in their saften'd shadow
Your soul is a' ablaze.
In spite of wedow's claethin',
Ye seem on ony day
As though ye were an angel
That doon to earth did stray.

II.

Oh! lanely Agnes Murray,
I heard you greet sae sair,
When ye parted wi' your gudeman,
To meet him nevermair;
Your een were like twa blue-bells,
A' brimmin' ower wi' dew;
Your bosom heaved sae heavy,
Your heart was breakin', too;
But, spite o' wedow's claethin',
It seemed to me that day,
Ye might hae been an angel
That doon to earth did stray.

III.

Oh! lanely Agnes Murray,
I saw you stan' sae fair,
Twa lily brows agleamin'
Atween your weel-kempt hair;
I saw you when, on Sunday,
Ye to the altar came,
And heard your snaw-crown'd pastor
Speak out aloud your name;
And, spite o' wedow's claethin',
It seemed to me that day,
Ye might hae been an angel
That doon to earth did stray.

IV.

Oh! lanely Agnes Murray,
Your daintie han' has ta'en
To parchin' lips the cordial
That brought relief frae pain;
But, while the one sae wearie
The welcome draught did sip,
The hallow'd words were sweeter
That honeyed on your lip:
For, spite o' wedow's claethin',
It seemed to him that day,
Ye might hae been an angel
That doon to earth did stray.

V.

Oh! lanely Agnes Murray,
Ye are sae fair and frail—
Ye are sae white and fragile,
Sweet lily o' the vale—
We aften fear the breezes
Will waft your soul awa'
Beyont our livin' vision,
Beyont our earthly ca';
For, spite o' wedow's claethin',
Ye seem on ony day
As though ye were an angel
That doon to earth did stray.

OLD THINGS AND NEW AT HAMPTON BEACH.

BY REV. JOHN W. DODGE.

NEW HAMPSHIRE hills are more celebrated, but not more excellent, than her beaches. From Portsmouth Bar to the mouth of the Merrimac the coast-line is a smooth, hard floor of sand, interrupted only by the bluffs of Boar's Head and the slender thread of Hampton river. Rye sends her luxuriant shade almost down to the margin of the surf, enveloping the proportions of her magnificent hotels in dense foliage. The whole town is a perfect garden of beauty, and the croquet-wickets and rows of bathing-dresses in front of almost every farm-house show that her natural attractions are appreciated.

Salisbury is famous as the scene of the Tent on the Beach, where

"The guests of Summer-time
Pitched their white tents where sea-winds blew,
Behind them marshes, seamed and crossed
With narrow creeks and dower embossed,
Stretched to the dark oak-wood whose leafy arms
Screened from the stormy east the pleasant inland farms."

We keep among our treasures a small white shell on which the poet traced his autograph, one evening about that time, as he inclined on the sand in front of our tent, in company with that beloved sister since gone to the "sunset of the blest." The whole region is redolent of the genius of Whittier. It is more than twenty years since he wrote "Hampton Beach," a pencil sketch of a single day's trip from his home by the Powow, and a poet's thoughts as he looks off to sea from the point of Great Boar's Head. The legends of this quiet old town evidently have a charm for him. The scene of the "New Wife and the Old" was laid in an old gray mansion that still stands by itself on a gentle knoll, about a gunshot from the place where we write. One might easily imagine that the lonely halls were still haunted by the spirit of the dead wife, for the spot is as weird and melancholy at evening as the lines that tell the unhappy story. Rivermouth Rocks keep guard at the mouth of Hampton River, and still tell the story of Goody Cole and the goodly company of fishermen that two hundred years ago sailed out of the river to return no more.

"O Rivermouth Rocks, how sad a sight
Ye saw in the light of breaking day,
Dead faces looking up cold and white
From sand and seaweed where they lay."

This sweetest of ballads was written at Appledore Island, one of the group of the Isles of Shoals, a favorite summer resort, about twelve miles off the coast. What could be finer than the closing stanza:

"And the sunset paled and warmed once more
With a softer, tenderer after-glow;
In the East was moon rise, with boats off shore,
And sails in the distance drifting slow.
The beacon shimmered from Portsmouth Bar,
The White Isle kindled its great red star,
And life and death in my arms that day
Mingled in peace like the night and day."

The ocean prospect from Boar's Head is the glory of Hampton. Lifted a hundred feet above the waves, your eye sweeps a magnificent semi-circle of sea and sky. To the north, in dim outline, appears the solitary peak of Agamenticus. You follow the curving trend of the coast, with its fringe of foam torn here and there by the jutting rocks. To the south, the sand-hills of Salisbury glisten in the sun. Beyond, Plum Island stretches like a huge breakwater in front of the spires of Newburyport, and faintly traced along the southern horizon the vague outline of Cape Ann, with the white hamlet of Squam set like a pearl in its bosom; and before you the wide expanse of open sea, "boundless, endless, and sublime."

For several weeks past, the tide of summer travel has been surging daily through the wide, grassy streets of the old town. The stages groan under their burden of jovial passengers and columns of yellow trunks. The current sets from the mountains to the sea. The gods of the hills yield to those of the beaches this year. When the rays of July suns have been pelting us by day, for weeks, and by night the dull heat has oozed upward from the arid earth, softening muscle and will, commend us to old Neptune, to fill again the golden bowl of life at his briny fountains. With Mrs. Hemans, we can bless our fathers' God for the strength of the hills; but we have a psalm of louder thanksgiving for the vigors of the sea.

Hampton is a democratic beach, if the word will still allow of the good sense warranted by its etymology. It is the people's watering-place. The representatives of the *beau monde*, that flutter upon balconies and blossom in drawing-rooms, are not wanting here; but they do not overshadow everything. Just now we hear that Senator Grimes, of Iowa, a recreant son of New Hampshire, is finding congenial fellowship at the cottage of Frank Pierce, at Little Boar's Head. The paralysis that should have warned him to be faithful in the hour of his country's crisis has yielded sufficiently to allow the use of his arm, but can never be shaken from his character. Mr. Grimes was taught better things in his boyhood—by his old pedagogue—at Hampton Academy.

The majority of the visitors here are cottagers, who have transported their homes to the sea-side and come here to live. Besides these are the troops that come for the day from the surrounding country—filling wagons, carryalls, barges, and teams of every model, from a one-horse shay to a hay-rack.

Last, but not least, is the jolly tribe that camp out in tents, and lapse for the time into the savage state. My good brother, if you have lost your nerve and can't sleep, and find yourself driven every second week to the old barrel, here's a prescription for you: Turn your back on the mountains, leave your kid gloves at home. Pitch your tent about fifty feet above high-water mark; live on bivalves and sea-fowl for four weeks; sleep on a pallet of salt hay, with the soft sand for a mattress; and, when some sunset you "fold your tent like the Arab, and silently steal away," you will find yourself a new man, with a compact muscle and a tough nerve for a twelve-months' campaign.

The society at Hampton is this year excellent. We have but little of the sham aristocracy, and a good sprinkling of truly cultured people. You will always find, doubtless, the romantic young lady, who strolls abroad alone at sunset, book in hand, to hear what the wild waves are saying; the scientific young gentleman may be seen searching among the clam-shells and kelp for new specimens of natural history; and your ears will be sure to catch the reverberations of the indefatigable elocutionist's voice, as he bids the deep and dark blue ocean to roll on—but the seashore is emphatically a free country.

But the bathing—my mountaineer, can you match that? It is a rich treat even to watch a company buffet the waves. Some take to the water like ducks, dashing triumphantly into the surf; others creep down timidly to the edge of the spent breaker, and cringe with dread at the touch of the water. The circle formed, with clasped hands, they dance to the motion of the rollers, as they break over their heads, and tear the welkin with their shouts and shrieks. Bathing gives the jaded system the very pulse of the ocean. It is the grand elixir of health.

Pass the Sabbath, if you can, by the waves. There is God's sanctuary, whose pavement is the rolling billows, and its lofty dome the arching skies. The sea is his. Jesus still sits and teaches there. Its waves bear the print of his footsteps. The echoes of his voice, that stilled the winds and waves, still float in the breezes that fret its surface. It is not strange that the Jews built their *Proseucha* by the seashore, and, leaving the synagogues of Alexandria, crowded down to the beach, as the purest place to offer their thanksgivings. Other hearts than Lydias have been opened at the water's side. The voices of the sea respond to the voices in the soul; and it is the same spirit that still broods over the face of the waters within and without.

A DESIRE.

Oh! that my heart might never lose
A sense of things divine;
That all my life, through joys and woes,
Might still be hid with Thine;

That, underneath the restless flow
Of daily thought and care,
A hidden depth no storm might know,
No sound but praise or prayer.

Then often to that blest retreat
My weary soul would flee,
And in its peaceful shelter meet
My Saviour God, with Thee!

No earthly joy's unquietness
Should mar the silent bliss
Wherewith my God should deign to bless
The heart that rests on His.

No care or sorrow dare intrude
Within that hallowed place,
To blight, with touch profane and rude,
The fair delights of grace.

But, resting ever in Thy love,
And trusting in thy care,
My life should shine like theirs above,
And taste the joys they share.

For what is heaven but life in Thee?
And if Thy will be done
Here on the earth, O, Lord, in me,
My heaven is begun.

H. N. E.

A POLITICAL ANOMALY.

BY REV. SAMUEL T. SPEAR, D. D.

WHO are "the people of the United States," in the sense of being the *voting* population? The Constitution does not directly answer this question. In respect to representatives in Congress, it simply says that "the electors in each state shall have the qualifications requisite for electors of the most numerous branch of the state legislature"—of course, leaving these "qualifications" to be determined by the state. Senators in Congress are to be chosen by the legislature of each state. The President and Vice-President are chosen by electors of each state, "equal to the whole number of senators and representatives to which the state may be entitled in Congress," and appointed "in such manner as the legislature thereof may direct." The Constitutional Amendment recently adopted, good as a guaranty for the *civil* rights of the people, does not decide who are voters for national officers. It leaves this point just where it finds it.

We have, for the result, a republican nation, known as "the people of the United States," existing and acting under a written Constitution, having officers of law to be chosen by the people, and yet giving no positive definition of its own constituency. This we regard as a political anomaly. It creates the necessity of looking elsewhere to find out who are "the people of the United States." Perhaps this was the best that could be done when the Constitution was adopted; yet it is not the best form of organizing a national government. It leaves a very material question to be decided by some other power.

The general *practice* has been to make *state* citizenship, as decided by state legislation, the criterion of *national* citizenship. This rule, however, not only may be, but has been, a *variable* rule. The laws of the several states are not harmonious as to the proper qualifications for voting. They are in conflict with each other, and by a simple change of state residence may nullify each other. A political citizen of the United States, by removing from one state to another, may be wholly disfranchised; and that, too, in direct violation of the constitutional provision which expressly declares that "the citizens of each state shall be entitled to all the privileges and immunities of citizens in the several states." A colored man, for example, who is a citizen of the United States when residing in the State of Massachusetts, cannot carry that citizenship with him into the State of Kentucky, as the Constitution says he has a right to do. The moment he touches the soil of Kentucky he is disfranchised on account of his color. One state makes him such, and another state unmakes him. This plainly gives to national citizenship an indeterminate and uncertain character. What it shall be, and in whom vested, is left for state authority to decide.

The principle is equally applicable to any *other* class of men, at the pleasure of the state. Any sect of religionists may, in the same way, be disfranchised on account of their religion. Papists, being in the majority in a given state, may disfranchise Protestants; or, Protestants may disfranchise Papists. Mormons, should Utah become a state, may exclude all but Mormons from the voting population for national officers. Infidels may lose their national citizenship because they are infidels. The principle may strike anywhere. It has no limitation and no restriction by national authority, so long as the question of suffrage is regarded as purely a matter for state legislation. The state may do with this question just what it pleases—bestow American citizenship on whom it pleases, and take it from whom it pleases.

As a matter of *fact*, this practice has operated most oppressively upon the *colored* population of the country. Had it borne as grievously upon the white people as it has upon the colored, the evil would long since have been corrected. In some of the states admitted to the right of suffrage on the broad basis of his manhood, in others admitted with a property qualification, and in still others excluded from this right, the unfortunate negro has been kicked hither and thither as the nation's foot-ball. The state has been left at liberty to do as she pleased with his political rights; and in most instances she has been pleased either to abridge or totally deny these rights. Though subject to the laws, and liable to taxation, like all other men, he has generally been made the victim of either absolute exclusion or special disabilities. If South Carolina, where the blacks are largely in the majority, were to disfranchise all the white people, as Kentucky does her black population, the nation would ring with excitement; and even Democrats would protest against this exercise of state rights. What difference does it make, so far as the principle is concerned, whether blacks or whites are the subjects of such disfranchisement? None whatever. In the one case it would be an aristocracy of white people, disguised under the name and forms of a republic; and in the other it would be a negro aristocracy, disguised in the same way. Neither is better nor worse than the other; and both are alike inconsistent with the Declaration of Independence and the fundamental principles of a true democracy.

This, in our judgment, is just as it should not be. The state ought not to have the absolute power of determining the question of political citizenship not only for itself but also for the *nation*. It surely is quite enough that the state should decide who are voters in respect to the choice of its own officers, without adding thereto the power to decide the same question in respect to the choice of national officers. The nation, *as such*, in its federal capacity, ought to decide this point for itself—and that, too, independently of any state action in the premises. We can see no reason in our duplicate system of government, or in any just theory of state rights, why so vital a matter should be committed exclusively to the states. It is a question for the whole people to determine. The whole people have a deep interest in its proper decision. Moreover, the history of state legislation on this subject clearly shows that here is an evil in our political system which demands a radical cure.

What, then, is the remedy? This is to be found in an amendment to the Constitution of the United States. Such an amendment, while repealing all the clauses which directly or indirectly refer the question to the states, might commit the whole subject to the legislative jurisdiction of Congress. This would be very much better than the present system. A still better thing would be to decide the point in the organic law of the land. What we really want is a constitutional definition of "the people of the United States," in the political sense. This definition should be so broad and comprehensive as to embrace and place on the same basis the political rights of *all* the people, utterly and forever excluding the principle of caste. It should also be the standard of political citizenship for both the nation and the state. The word would then have a fixed and unvarying meaning. A citizen of the United States would then be a citizen of the state in which he resides. This would bring the political machinery of the states and the General Government into harmony, and at the same time make suffrage equal and impartial. It would put an end to conflicts growing out of the diversities of state legislation. It would guard the rights of all, and peril those of none. No harm would come to the state, since those qualifications for suffrage which the whole people should judge wise and safe for the nation would be equally so for the state. The age is moving onward; and we hope to see this grand point gained in the not distant future.

We do not believe that the suffrage question will ever be finally settled in this country till it is settled on the basis now indicated. It may seem at present of doubtful expediency, viewed simply as a political measure with reference to a special election; but the time will come when all parties will be far more than willing to court the negro vote, and so frame their platforms as to make no unjust discrimination between the civil and political rights of colored men and those of white men. Democrats will at length get through with their wild shrieks over the negro. He has already too many votes to cast to be sneered at much longer by any political party. In reference to this very question, we regard it as of the first importance that the Republican party should be successful in the coming election. If Republicans do triumph, as we believe they will, we advise them to go forward and finish their work—not pausing till, by a constitutional amendment, they have planted the question of suffrage on a *fixed* and *impartial* basis. This is the true solution of the negro question. It is just; and no other solution is just.

THE FLOATING ISLAND OF DERWENTWATER.—As a result of the long-continued and unprecedented drought in the lake district, that periodical phenomenon, the floating island, has again made its appearance on Derwentwater, in the neighborhood of Lodore, its size being considerably larger than usual. For a few inches in depth it is composed of a clayey matter, apparently deposited by the water, in which the growing plants have fixed their roots; the rest is a mass of decayed vegetable matter, a strata of loose peat earth about six feet in thickness, which rises from a bed of fine, soft clay. A considerable quantity of air is contained in the body of the island, and may be discharged by probing the earth with a pole. It is nearly half an acre in extent, and its appearance is always indicative of an extraordinarily hot season.

SABBATH-SCHOOLS.

A MISSIONARY of the American Sunday-school Union in Northern Michigan, says: "Of seventy new Sunday-schools started here in sixteen months, only one has failed. Very many of the boys and girls and the young men and women have been led to Jesus."

—The Pacific Congregational church, New Bedford, Mass., Rev. C. Paine pastor, have voted to substitute for the Sabbath morning preaching service the Sunday-school, so enlarged as to afford an opportunity to all the people for biblical study and instruction. Seven other churches in that city have adopted the same plan.

—Dr. Adams, of Boston, said that once while he was preaching he happened to glance over his manuscript, and saw a little fellow, so small that his feet could not touch the floor, with his eyes intently fixed upon him. He was so much affected by the eagerness of the little lad's manner that he laid aside his sheets for a few moments, and addressed himself immediately to the anxious little hearer before him.

—When the late Dr. Kenneday was stationed in Allen street, New York, a Sunday-school boy was sitting in the gallery. The public service had not interested him particularly heretofore, because it had not specially addressed childhood. But when Dr. Kenneday stood up to preach in the pulpit, in the midst of his discourse he said: "I am going now to speak to the children in the gallery"; and in his winning way, and with his pleasant voice, he preached the Gospel to them in a manner that they could understand. That minister, then a child, had never felt before that the preaching was meant for him. But now the minister was looking at him, and was talking to him, and the Gospel reached his heart that day.

TEMPERANCE.

THE Hampshire commissioners granted, on Tuesday, twenty liquor licenses out of sixty applications. No licenses are granted to saloon-keepers at Northampton.

—The public-house-keepers of Roscres, County Tipperary, have, at the solicitation of the Roman Catholic clergy of the town, pledged themselves not to sell intoxicating drinks on Sundays.

—The Hon. James Green, in 1857-8 a Democratic senator from Missouri, and a man of great talent, was picked up in the streets of New Orleans, recently, sick and penniless, and was taken to the Charity Hospital.

—A correspondent of the New Bedford *Mercury*, in describing the Strawberry Hill Encampment, says: "The only law that is *not* enforced is the stringent *license law* passed at the last session of the legislature of our state."

THE TRIUMPHS OF THE DESTROYER.—The Cincinnati *Times* says: "Dr. Hess, a man of splendid education—a doctor of medicine and a journalist—was yesterday sent to the workhouse for thirty days, from the police court, as a vagrant. Liquor has ruined him."

—An effort is now being made to raise £1,800, in order to present Mr. George Cruikshank's great painting, "The Worship of Bacchus," to the nation, for public exhibition at the South Kensington Museum. As many of our readers may know, it contains a thousand figures, grouped in episodes, each portraying a phase of our drinking customs.

—The Pennsylvania Medical Society have gone into a professional investigation of intemperance; having appointed a committee to report on the medical, social, and civil aspects of intoxication, and the duty of physicians in the premises. Perhaps they will come to the sage conclusion that it is a bad thing, which ought not to be favored by medical practice.

—The *National Temperance Advocate* for August says:

"Let church-books be examined; let the numbers expelled from churches be counted; and, directly or indirectly, we shall find that 19 out of 20 of every act of backsliding and apostasy may be traced to drinking!"

Can this be so? and, if it is, is not there resting upon every minister a fearful responsibility to cry aloud and spare not on the subject?

—Rev. O. A. Kingsbury, of Joliet, Ill., writes to the *Presbyterian Monthly* an account of an important and successful temperance movement made there through the direct influence and co-operation of the churches. It may serve as an example and encouragement to Christian churches in other places to take their proper place again in behalf of this cause. Mr. K. says:

"There is quite a good work being done in the city just now in the way of a temperance movement. A Union Temperance Society has been formed, without regard to religious denominations; but all the churches heartily encounance and encourage it. It has already effected much good. A number of drunkards have reformed, and are doing what they can to save others. I wish it might grow into a thorough and wide-spread revival of religion. Such a movement would do more for the city than anything else."

ALLEGED INTEMPERANCE OF AMERICAN WOMEN.—The well-known authoress, Mrs. Sarah J. Hale, seeing the floating paragraph about a great number of fashionable young women of New York being confined in the Binghamton Inebriate Asylum, wrote to the superintendent of that institution, and received a most unequivocal answer, to this effect:

"There never has been a single female patient in this asylum; neither is it true that there has been any considerable number of applicants of this class. I have been in this asylum as its superintendent for about one year, and I have been superintendent of a similar asylum for the last eleven years. I think the application for women will amount, on the average, to about fifteen or twenty a year; and most of these were opium-takers in some form. I do not believe that any considerable number of our American women are drunkards."

—The Massachusetts State Prohibitory Committee have issued a circular urging that the restoration of the Prohibitory Law to the statute-book ought to be made a leading issue in the present political campaign. And to this end they propose to meet the question, squarely and definitively, in the coming convention of the Republican party, as representing the large majority of the people. They see, and say to the party that, "If the Republican party adopts prohibition, it loses license votes. If it adopts license, it loses prohibiting votes. If it stands neutral, its license members make new organization to secure license, and its prohibitory members make new organizations to secure prohibition. If we could avoid or postpone the issue, there would be room for question. But when we have tried to avoid it, and failed—when there is no longer any hope of avoiding it—then the issue must be met, at whatever cost. The danger is positive, and demands a positive remedy. The policy of last year must be reversed."

DRINK FESTIVITIES, AND THEIR CONSEQUENCES.—The coming of age of Mr. William Heath, eldest son of Mr. Robert Heath, one of the principal coal and iron-masters of North Staffordshire, was celebrated lately with festivities on a scale of magnificence which have never been equaled in that district. The guests of all classes numbered 4,400, besides 4,000 women the next day. A liberal provision was made of drinkables, as well as eatables, including 2,340 gallons of ale and 900 bottles of wine. A correspondent of the *Alliance News* says that the consumption of this immense quantity of drink sent the crowd to the drink-shops all around, resulting in a horrible debauch:

"Certainly no newspaper has reported such orgies since the wreck of the ram-vessel on the Mersey, and the pandemonium-scene afterward. A reverend gentleman, noisy, wandering he knew not whither, hatless, and fighting with his friend and neighbor, was tumbled out of the pavilion. A gentleman of the press was discovered amongst the helpless at five in the morning in a field. Fights, more than can now be recorded; men, women, boys, and girls helpless through drink; others reeling home, and numbers lying in fields and lanes dead drunk. We counted sixteen men felled by drink, helpless and prostrate, within a radius of twenty yards; and scores scattered about, many bleeding, hatless, shoeless, and coatless, incapable of moving or of speech. Let the following, one out of many cases, answer, cut from the *Staffordshire Sentinel*, July 25th: 'About eight o'clock on the evening of Wednesday, Joseph Espley, who had been participating in the Norton festivities, was found lying in a field near Smallthorne, in a state of insensibility, from which he did not recover, but died yesterday.'"

FOREIGN GLEANINGS.

ONE of the factors of the Hudson Bay Company lately arrived at Montreal, with eight and a half tons of beaver, otter, and martin raw furs.

—London thieves have begun to wear the uniform of postmen, and, thus protected, they pick the locks of street letter-boxes, and walk off with the contents in broad daylight.

—Napier seems born to good luck. He is now to be appointed commander-in-chief of the forces in India for the term of five years, during which period the salary amounts to $375,000.

—Cholera is reported to have broken out amongst the pilgrims to the shrine of Juggernauth. A considerable number is said to have perished. Medicines were being distributed gratis to the crowds demanding relief.

—The Prince of Wales lately gave Mlle. Schneider, the French actress, a pair of diamond ear-rings, which cost £1,000. No wonder that the Prince is deep in debt, and that Parliament is to be called on to increase his allowance.

MANCHESTER.—It appears from the overseers' list that the number of electors in that city is raised from 23,739 last year to about 47,000; that is, they are nearly doubled. Possibly a large addition will be made by the revision.

POLITICAL PARSONS.—The *Daily News* complains of the increase of pulpit polemics. Astonished worshipers are minutely instructed as to their political duties, and in some cases taught to discharge them on the spot by signing petitions to the queen.

—Letters from Paris state that an immense sum of money has been spent by the French Government on the Dunderberg, or, as she is now called, the Rochambeau, the effect of which is that her speed rarely exceeds six knots an hour, and that as a ram she is quite useless.

—King Ludwig of Bavaria is to marry the only daughter of the Emperor of Russia. Europe has some doubts about allowing the Czar to get so much influence in Southern Germany. And yet "Europe" is somewhat at a loss to decide what it is best "to do about it."

—Murray, the London publisher, will shortly bring out a history, by Earl Stanhope, of the reign of Queen Anna until the Peace of Utrecht, which will be a connecting link between the conclusion of Lord Macaulay's history and the beginning of Lord Stanhope's (Lord Mahon's).

—The sale of church property in Italy realized, from the 26th of October, 1867, till June 30th, 1868, the sum of $32,292,000 gross, being about eight and a half millions above the original estimate. About nine and a half millions in gold have already been received by the royal treasury.

—Mr. Mason Jones is about commencing a series of meetings in the borough of Marylebone, as a candidate in the Radical interest. The present members are very unpopular with the advanced Liberal electors, and an organization has been formed to obtain one of the seats in this interest.

—When the Sultan of Turkey heard of the success of the Abyssinian expedition, he could not help contrasting it with the long-protracted Cretan war; and he told his minister of war that, if Great Britain had undertaken the "Cretan job," she would have sent an army of navvies, who would have leveled the whole island and cast it into the sea before this.

CHURCHMEN *vs.* DISSENTERS.—In the House of Commons, recently, a Churchman, Mr. Cavendish Bentinck, said that "Dissenters generally belonged to the lowest class of society." This was a bold assertion, when we look at the jail deliveries, which show that for every one Dissenter "in durance vile" there are more than forty-six Churchmen, and even nearly four Churchmen for every Romanist.

—It is stated that petroleum oil possesses the highest efficacy as a destroyer of all kinds of insects injurious to plants or animals, and the less purified and, consequently, the cheaper it is the better. Thirty parts should be mixed with 1,000 of water, and applied where required. The *Medical Times* states that vermin of houses may be destroyed by introducing into the holes or cracks a few drops of petroleum.

—The East Indian Prince Maharajah Dhuleep Singh presented, on the anniversary of his marriage, his usual donation of £1,000 to Dr. Lansing, in behalf of the American Presbyterian Mission in Egypt. The Prince married a young woman who had been educated in one of the schools of that mission; and he has testified his gratitude to the mission, and his interest in the work which it is accomplishing, by a similar annual donation and by other generous gifts.

—A grocer in Quebec advertises "the peculiar delicacies of the far-off Ind, and the finely-flavored and humanizing leaf of the still further Cathay; the more exciting, though not less delicious, berry of Brazil, and the spices, sugars, and luscious fruits of the Antilles; the sugared condiments and the blood-enriching wines of the Mediterranean; and the salt-cured and brain-renewing fish of our own stormy gulf." What he means to say is, that he sells tea, coffee, sugar, and codfish, cheap for cash.

—The *Birmingham Gazette*, in speaking of a recently-deceased Wesleyan preacher, says: "At a country Methodist missionary meeting, in 1833, Mr. Naylor was associated on the platform with a handsome, dashing, clever young man, who spoke effectively in behalf of Wesleyan missions. That young man is now Premier. Imagine the Hon. Benjamin Disraeli at a Methodist missionary meeting! But he is versatile enough for anything. Mr. Naylor was one of the founders of the Wesleyan Missionary Society, and lived to preach one of its jubilee sermons."

ENGLISH POLITENESS.—The Prince of Wales and the Duke of

The Children's Column.

BABY-LAND.

Once Kitty's mother had to go and make a cup of tea for poor old Aunty Hubble, who lived all by herself in the little cabin that stood in the corn-field close to Deacon Fry's woods. So Kitty took care of the baby. He was a poor, puny little baby, and everybody but Kitty said he was cross; but she thought he was the most beautiful baby in the whole world, and she loved every inch of him. She could charm him into smiling, and cooing, and being sweet, when nobody else could, because the baby knew she loved him. Babies can always tell. She would just lay him up over her shoulder, as if he was a little bag of meal; and then she would rock and rock, and sing "I asked a sweet Robin," till baby fell fast asleep. His grandmother said he liked to be laid over Kitty's shoulder that way, because he was a colicy baby.

It was nine o'clock. Kitty could just study it out on the face of the old clock, away up in the corner. Just one cricket was singing somewhere in the hearth, the cat was asleep, and the fire was low. And every time Kitty rocked forward her stubby little shoes tapped the floor with a thump; and every time her chair swung back away went her shadow across the broad, white, shining floor behind her, and up over the ceiling, like some great hungry creature making a spring at you. The big back-log in the fire-place had a hole in it like the entrance to a gold-mine; and the coals down in front had shaped themselves into a great red dragon, with wicked blinking eyes, and two little fluttering blue flames of fire for wings.

"Dear!" said Kitty to herself, "I wish father would come home from prayer-meeting. I wish it was time for mother to come."

Kitty's head ached, and so did her toes, on account of tapping the floor so much; and every once in a while the brown lashes dropped on her little rough red cheeks, and Kitty would dream for a minute that she was snugly tucked away in bed. Then she would wake up with a little frightened start, and almost drop baby out of her arms. And once, when Kitty had just waked up, there he lay on her lap in his old petticoat, with his eyes wide open, looking right up at her—such sweet, soft eyes, with golden-brown lashes, like little curled rays of sunshine. And there were his little dimpled hands wandering out of his old blanket like white blossoms; and one foot peeping saucily out of his petticoat, with five little white toes, that had dainty little nails like pearls.

"If he could only talk to me," said Kitty, "I wouldn't be so lonesome then. I do wonder what he thinks about, and what kind of words he thinks in."

All at once she heard a soft, sweet voice, much finer and sweeter than any cricket's or any canary's:

"Coo-aloo!" it said. "Put your ear down close, or else hold me up. It's me, the baby."

Sure enough, it was the baby. So Kitty laid him up over her shoulder, with his cheek touching her's; and then the baby talked. Such a wonderful small sweet voice he had; even the lonesome old cricket in the hearth stopped his song to listen, and the cat woke up and came purring to hear it too.

"Coo-aloo!" said the baby again. "That means 'listen' in baby language. Do you know I love you, little sister? You are patient and tender with me, and you understand me better than anybody else. I wish they wouldn't always be dosing me with catnip-tea and boneset. I wish nobody would ever rock me in chairs that haven't any rockers. Don't you think babies have hard lives, Kitty? How do you suppose I got my toe blistered? Rennen did it, holding me out to the fire to warm me. Oh! it was such a terrible fierce fire; it licked its great red tongue out at me, and roared so! Do you know what ailed me last night? I had a great brass pin sticking in my side. It made a sore as big as a pea. Grandmother said it was the colic, and I came near bursting with the catnip-tea mother gave me. She's a dear good mother; but, she's so busy, she never has time to love me up any. Coo-aloo! I long for beautiful Baby-land. Kriss Kringle's own mother takes care of the babies there. I wrote her a letter to-day, on a dead honeysuckle I drew the wind blew into the house. This is what I wrote: 'Dear, darling Grandmother Kringle, I am so tired of this terrible place. Can't I come back to Baby-land, and bring my dear good little sister, who loves me and takes care of me?' And to-night a bluebay brought the answer. We may go, Kitty; it said so in the lovely letter the blue jay brought."

And just then the room was full of a silvery clatter of many little voices, and a whole band of dimpled little babies, in white night-gowns, came pattering over the old red hearth; and they were all so glad to see Kitty's brother, and he was so glad to see them, and they all chattered and laughed at once. Kitty's brother didn't seem at all ashamed of his old red petticoat; and he nestled up lovingly to Kitty, and looked up into her face, and said:

"This is my dear, patient, loving little sister." And then all the babies gave a glad shout, and repeated it: "The dear, patient, loving little sister. She shall have a crown of white rose-buds, and a pearl throne, and a brave blue-jay with a bright purple top-knot to wait on her. Let us make haste." So they all went joyfully to Baby-land together.

Then the old kitchen grew deathly still. Only the clock ticked and ticked. The old cat curled herself up and went to sleep; the cricket down in the dark quite forgot his own old song, and sat with dreamy, wondering eyes, thinking about that sweet, strange chirping and chatter.

It was winter in Baby-land. Oh! the rarest, glittering winter! And there sat Grandmother Kringle by her great fire-place, which was as big as a house; and there were hundreds and hundreds of bright little cradles, with shining golden rockers twinkling all over the broad warm hearth, and in every cradle there was a little baby, fast asleep. Such a wonderful, tender, motherly old face Grandmother Kringle had, waiting and watching there by her fire. And when Kitty and her brother came, she just gathered them up into her arms, and said: "Well, well! here's my baby again! And so this is the good little sister." Then she asked Kitty if she'd like to hear her cat purr. Kitty said she would. So Grandmother Kringle stroked the great shining gray cat, which sat on the rug at her feet; and she purred the sweetest music Kitty ever heard. And after that a band of glossy crickets came out of a chink in the hearth, and flung little twinkling tambourines, and danced, and sang queer, sweet songs, that made Kitty laugh and cry all at the same time. And then Grandmother Kringle tucked Kitty and her brother into the very same little soft cradle he used to have before he went away from Baby-land.

They could have summer or winter in Baby-land, just as they chose. It was very pleasant in winter. All the little baby-babies had little gold skates, about as long as your thumb; and all the little girl-babies had skates, too, and little muffs of moles' fur lined with pink rose-leaves. At night Grandmother Kringle told stories, while she did her knitting; and the little girl-babies spun dandelion-down on amber wheels, while the boy-babies mended up their skate-straps and things.

But the summer—that was the most beautiful. The light was like the soft pale gold light down in the bottom of a white lily-cup; and they slept all through the warm nights out in the cool, scented clover. They fastened a swing to the great red moon; they rode whole hours in the soft, white clouds up in the blue sky; they gathered stars, and planted them in Grandmother Kringle's flower-garden.

And Kitty was crowned with a wreath of dainty white rose-buds; and she had a beautiful, shining pearl throne; and a bright blue-jay to wait on her; and all the name that she had in Baby-land was The Good Little Sister.

And at night her baby-brother always nestled his little soft face close to hers, and said, "I love you best of all." But one night he whispered that he longed to see mother's face once more; and Kitty thought she would give the whole world just to be in the old kitchen at home. "But that can never be," she said sorrowfully to herself. All at once she heard somebody saying, cheerily: "We had a very reviving meeting, Phebe. How's Aunty Hubble?" And there was Kitty, in her mother's own little green rocking-chair, with the baby on her knees; and there was her father, briskly stirring up the fire, and her mother, coming to take the baby. "How did we get back?" asked Kitty, rubbing her eyes. And then her father and mother laughed, and said: "Poor child, she's been asleep!" And presently her father untied her stubby little shoes for her, and said she was his dear daughter, and that she was the best little sister in the whole world. L. C. B.

Selections.

THE CHILD OF JAMES MELVILLE.

"This page, if thou be a pater (parent-father) that reads it, thou will apardone me; if nocht, suspend thy censure till thou be a father, as said the grave Lacedemonian, Agesilaus."—*Autobiography of James Melville.*

One time my soul was pierced as with a sword,
Contending still with men untaught and hard
When He who to the prophet lent his gourd
Gave me the solace of a pleasant child!

A summer gift, my precious flower was given;
A very sunny fragrance was its life:
Its clear eyes soothed me as the blue of heaven,
When home I turned—a weary man of strife!

With unformed laughter, musically sweet,
How soon the wakening babe would meet my kiss:
With outstretched arms, its care-wrought father greet—
Oh! in the desert, what a spring was this!

A few short months it blossomed near my heart,
A few short months—else toilsome all, and sad;
But that home-solace nerved me for my part,
And of the babe I was exceeding glad!

Alas! my pretty bud, scarce formed, was dying—
The prophet's gourd, it withered in a night!
And He who gave me all, my heart's pulse trying,
Took gently home the child of my delight!

Not rudely called, not suddenly it perished;
But gradual faded from our love away!
As if still, secret dews, its life that cherished,
Were drop by drop withheld, and day by day.

My blessed Master saved me from repining,
So tenderly he sued me for his own;
So bountiful he made my babe's declining,
Its dying blessed me as its birth had done!

And daily to my board, at noon and even,
Our fading flower I bade his mother bring,
That we might commune of our rest in heaven,
Gazing the while on death—without its sting!

And of the ransom for that baby paid—
So very sweet at times our converse seemed,
That the sure truth—of grief a gladness made—
Our little lamb by God's own lamb redeemed!

There were two milk-white doves my wife had nourished;
And I too loved, erewhile, at times to stand,
Marking how each the other fondly cherished,
And fed them from my baby's dimpled hand!

So tame they grew that, to his cradle flying,
Full oft they cooed him to his noon-tide rest;
And, to the murmurs of his sleep replying,
Crept gently in and nestled in his breast!

'Twas a fair sight, the snow-pale infant sleeping,
So fondly guardianed by those creatures mild;
Watch o'er his closed eyes their bright eyes keeping—
Wondrous the love betwixt the birds and the child!

Still, as he sickened, seemed the doves too divining—
Forsook their food and loathed their pretty play;
And on the day he died, with sad note pining,
One gentle bird would not be frayed away!

His mother found it when she rose, sad-hearted,
At early dawn, with sense of nearing ill;
And when, at last, the little spirit parted,
The dove died too, as if of its heart chill!

The other flew to meet my sad home-riding,
As with a human sorrow in its coo;
To my dead child and its dead mate then guiding,
Most pitifully plained, and parted too!

'Twas my first "hansel" and "propine" to heaven!
And as I laid my darling 'neath the sod—
Precious His comforts—once an infant given,
And offered with two turtle-doves to God.

—*Mrs. A. Stuart Menteath.*

WHAT WE SHALL EAT IN WARM WEATHER.

If it be true that in cold weather we need, and the appetite demands, concentrated carbonaceous food, it is also true, as might be expected, and as we all know, that the appetite demands in warm weather a very different class of articles of food; and the reason is obvious.

Four-fifths of our food being devoted to the production of heat, we need four times as much in cold weather as warm. If, therefore, we ate the same articles in summer as in winter, and only what our nature required, the stomach and bowels would collapse into one-quarter of their size, and could not properly carry on their functions. Nature, therefore, provides, for warm climates and the summers of cold, food in which all elements are greatly diluted, and in which the proportions of carbonates are much smaller than those provided for cold weather. This you will see in the analysis of southern and northern corn, in a very remarkable degree. While the proportion of northern corn is six of the carbonates to one of the nitrates, the proportions of these principles in southern corn are nearly equal. It would therefore require six times the bulk of southern corn as of northern to support the same degree of heat; and this disparity is still more strikingly seen if we compare northern corn with some of our southern vegetables. Corn contains 73 per cent. of carbonates; turnips 4 per cent., and cucumbers 1 per cent. Consequently, it would require 18 pounds of turnips, or 73 pounds of cucumbers, to furnish as much heat as one pound of northern corn-meal.

The comparative proportions of carbonates and nitrates in wheat, and indeed in all cereals that grow both in northern and southern climates, as well as those of all other natural products of the soil, plainly declare the will of God in regard to summer and winter food, as also do our appetites and tastes.

In the spring we lose our desire for butter and buckwheats, and begin to crave some acid fruits and green vegetables. And yet how many thoughtless housekeepers at the North go through nearly the same routine of cooking in summer as in winter, with just about as much butter and lard, and fat beef, and even pork, and fat gravy, and flour puddings with sauce; not because they like it as well, or think it wholesome, but only because "their mothers did so before them." And so powerful is this thoughtless and absurd habit in the Southern States that it is said that, however plentiful may be the supply of milk and cheese, and green vegetables, fresh lean beef, and fruits, a Southern family always has on the table a smoked ham or a "side of pork," and their vegetables are cooked swimming in fat; and, to force an appetite, they use the most stimulating spices and condiments. In short, their food in the hottest weather is suitable only for the coldest northern winter weather. Is it strange that diseases prevail?

We need, in summer or winter, whether using muscles or brains, or neither, every-day food containing carbonates for the lungs, nitrates for the muscles and tissues, and phosphates for the vital powers; but we need them in very different proportions, according to the temperature in which we live and our habits of life. These elements are furnished at our hands, varying in proportions so as to be adapted to the different temperatures and habits; and for animals that have instincts and not intellects to guide them—from the elephant to the smallest animalcule—these different elements are so mixed and prepared, and the appetite so adjusted to them, that they always want, and always have, and always eat the right kind of food, at the right time, and the right quantity.—*Philosophy of Eating.*

TO-MORROW.

To-morrow!—mortal, boast not thou
Of time and tide that are not now!
But think, in one revolving day
How earthly things may pass away!

To-day—while hearts with rapture spring,
The youth to beauty's lip may cling;
To-morrow—and that lip of bliss
May sleep unconscious of his kiss.

To-day—the blooming spouse may press
Her husband in a fond caress;
To-morrow—and the hands that pressed
May wildly strike her widowed breast.

To-day—the clasping babe may drain
The milk-stream from its mother's vein;
To-morrow—like a frozen rill,
That bosom-current may be still.

To-day—thy merry heart may feast
On herb, and fruit, and bird, and beast;
To-morrow—spite of all thy glee,
The hungry worms may feast on thee.

To-morrow!—mortal boast not thou
Of time and tide that are not now!
But think, in one revolving day,
That o'en thyself may pass away.

—*William Knox.*

A NOTABLE DINNER PARTY.

When Mr. Disraeli launched his first tale, and found it to be a great success, Lord Lytton, then Mr. Edward Lytton Bulwer, had achieved the proud place as a novelist which he has ever since retained. The aspirant for literary distinction had long admired at a distance the renown of his senior; and, encouraged by the recention which his own maiden effort had received, he did what young authors under similar circumstances are apt to do. He sent to Mr. Bulwer a copy of "Vivian Grey," writing at the same time an apologetic note, and giving reason for the liberty he had taken. The letter, with its accompanying gift, were at once acknowledged, and Mr. Disraeli was requested to name a day for dining with their recipient. It happened that Mr. Disraeli had arranged for quitting England on the day but one after receiving this invitation. He wrote to say so, and the morrow was fixed for the symposium. Four gentlemen sat down at Mr. Bulwer's table on that occasion: one being, of course, the host; another, Mr. Disraeli; the third, a man shy but evidently intelligent, for, though he said comparatively little, his remarks, as often as he hazarded them, were keenly to the purpose; the fourth, a private friend of the host, need not be specified. It was an evening not to be forgotten, because then, as now, both Lord Lytton and Mr. Disraeli shone in conversation. The party broke up about midnight, and the host and his friend were left alone together. After discussing Disraeli, the question was put, "Who is your silent guest?" "He is one of the ablest men I know," was the reply. "He was my cotemporary at college. He is now a barrister; and, mark my words, will attain the highest honors of his profession. His name is Cockburn." The climax to this little bit of domestic history or gossip is very remarkable. The two brilliant novelists and the palnstaking lawyer, who dined together some forty or more years ago, comparatively obscure men, have all risen to positions of eminence in the state. Mr. Cockburn is Lord Chief-Justice of England; Mr. Bulwer, after serving as Secretary of State for the colonies, has became a peer of the realm; and Mr. Disraeli, on more than one previous occasion Chancellor of the Exchequer and leader of the House of Commons, is now First Lord of the Treasury.—*Blackwood's Magazine for August.*

SONNET.

How do I love thee? Let me count the ways,
I love thee to the depth, and breadth, and hight
My soul can reach, when feeling out of sight
For the ends of Being and Ideal Grace.
I love thee to the level of every day's
Most quiet need, by sun and candlelight.
I love thee freely, as men strive for Right;
I love thee purely, as they turn from Praise;
I love thee with the passion put to use
In my old griefs, and with my childhood's faith;
I love thee with a love I seemed to lose
With my lost saints; I love thee with the breath,
Smiles, tears of all my life! and, if God choose,
I shall but love thee better after death.

—*Mrs. E. B. Browning.*

THE FATE OF THE APOSTLES.

All the apostles were assaulted by the enemies of their Master. They were called to seal their doctrines with their blood; and nobly did they bear the trial. Scaramacher says:

"St. Matthew suffered martyrdom by being slain with a sword at a distant city in Ethiopia.

St. Mark expired at Alexandria, after having been cruelly dragged through the streets of that city.

St. Luke was hanged upon an olive tree in the classic land of Greece.

St. John was put in a cauldron of boiling oil; but escaped death in a miraculous manner, and was afterward banished to Patmos.

St. Peter was crucified at Rome, with his head downward.

St. James the Greater was beheaded at Jerusalem.

St. James the Less was thrown from a lofty pinnacle of the temple, and then beaten to death with a fuller's club.

St. Bartholomew was flayed alive.

St. Andrew was bound to a cross, whence he preached to his persecuters until he died.

St. Thomas was run through the body with a lance at Coromandel, in the East Indies.

St. Jude was shot to death with arrows.

St. Matthias was first stoned, and then beheaded.

St. Barnabas of the Gentiles was stoned to death by the Jews at Salonica.

St. Paul, after various torture and persecutions, was at length, beheaded at Rome by the Emperor Nero."

Such was the fate of the apostles, according to traditional statements; and, though we cannot authenticate them all, we at least know that the hatred of the world to these men and their teachings was sufficient to render the accounts not very improbable.

Lord Brougham.—There was a rule amongst the Scotch judges and the senior members of the bar, when on circuit, that they only had the privilege of drinking claret; the juniors were limited to sherry and port. The circuit was at Ayr, and Brougham happened to sit just under the salt. The claret came down to him, and then crossed the table; but, each time it did so Brougham filled his glass. This had been observed by the president. "Do you see," said his lordship to his friends on the right and left, "that young, impudent fellow, Brougham, helping himself to claret? If he tries it again, I'll speak to him." Round came the claret, and Brougham, as usual, filled a bumper. "Maister Brougham," exclaimed his lordship, *ore rotundo*, "that's claret!" "I know it is, my lord; and excellent," was the reply.

PEBBLES.

An excellent cure for dyspepsia is this: Give a hungry dog a piece of meat, and chase him till he drops it.

"From half-a-sovereign to a sovereign."—A birth-day present to Her Majesty from H. R. H. the Prince of Wales!

A Bradford auctioneer sold, on the day of its master's death, a donkey, fifty-three years of age, the companion, during the greatest portion of his life, of one Benjamin Keighley, aged eighty.

A correspondent asked if the brow of a hill ever becomes wrinkled? The editor replied: "The only information we can give on that point is that we have often seen it furrowed."

The Lawrence *American* says that people who are not satisfied with the prices charged by dentists can get teeth inserted free upon application to some cross dogs, of which there are specimens in town.

What would the nightingale care if the toad despised her singing? She would still sing on, and leave the cold toad to his dark shadows. And what care I for the sneers of men who grovel upon earth?

A popular clergyman at Troy, who married a couple the other day, received, after the service, an envelope, supposed to enclose the usual fee. Imagine his feelings when he found its contents were simply a restaurant bill of fare.

Lord Palmerston, at the age of eighty-was once detected in a little bit of fun, of which octogenarians are not usually susceptible. The old peer parried the mortification of his discovery by exclaiming: "Well, well; boys *will* be boys."

"Henrietta," said a lady to her new girl, "when there's bad news, particularly private afflictions, always let the boarders know it before dinner. It may seem strange to you, Henrietta; but such things make a great difference in the eating in the course of a year."

The *Deseret News*, alluding to a remark in an Eastern paper that Mormonism "must gradually succumb to a higher civilization," pertinently inquires whether this "higher civilization" is "to be found in the towns which spring up along the line of the railroad as it advances westward."

A missionary among the freedmen of Tennessee, after relating to some little colored children the story of Ananias and Sapphira, asked them why God does not strike everybody dead who tells a lie; when one of the least in the room quickly answered: "Because there wouldn't be anybody left!"

Somebody who saw Gen. Grant at St. Louis superintending the loading of a couple of wagons with trunks, to go out into the country, where his family were to spend the summer, reports him as saying: "I have moved an army, and I have moved a family; and of the two it is easier to move an army."

An eight-hour-a-day man, on going home the other evening for his supper, found his wife sitting in her best clothes, on the front stoop, reading a volume of travels. "How is this?" he exclaimed. "Where is my supper?" "I don't know," replied the wife. "I began to get breakfast at six o'clock this morning, and *my eight hours ended at two p. m.*"

In 1703 a delegation from the western part of Massachusetts was sent to confer with one of the Boston clergymen as to how he got along with the doctrine of the "perssverance of the saints," which troubled them exceedingly. His suggestive reply, equally applicable 75 years later, was, "My dear friends, it is the perseverance of the sinners which causes me all my troubles."

The *Sun* says that the picture Goldsmith drew of Ireland over a hundred years ago is measurably applicable to New York to-day:

"If, from the land to hastening ills a prey,
Where wealth accumulates and men decay."

And then proceeds to argue on the miseries of tenement-houses, and pleading for homes for workingmen in the country. Why does it not rather persuade the people to go into the country, where they can get houses?

Commercial Notices.

The Weed Sewing Machine is perfectly simple, works easily, is always ready to do good service, never fails, is clean, and will perform all kinds of family sewing in a beautiful and durable manner. No lady ever yet used it but esteemed it one of her most faithful and efficient friends. Office No. 630 Broadway.

Testimony Multiplies from all Quarters.—Read what Rev. Dr. Pinney says of Mathushek's Little Colibri Piano, after giving it a thorough trial:

Messrs. Barlow & Mathushek:

Dear Sirs:—Allow me most cordially and very highly to recommend the Colibri Piano-forte.

I have heard *nothing* to equal it in sweetness of tone. Its notes are more like those of our sweetest singing-birds, or those of the finest human voice, than any instrumental notes I ever heard. We are delighted with our instrument.

May you be blessed with great and deserved success.

Yours truly,
Spencer L. Pinney,
Pastor 2d Presb. Church, Princeton, N. J.

Princeton, Aug. 11, 1868.

Every piano warranted for five years. Dealers and purchasers, look to your interest, and secure this wonderful *half-sized, full-toned* Piano!

Send for circular to
Barlow & Mathushek,
694 Broadway, N. Y.,
Sole Agents for the United States.

A Massachusetts Congregationalist minister writes: "Of all my papers, I most prize The Independent and The Liberal Christian. While I skip half or three-quarters of the contents of the others, I always read every word in these. *They are the papers of the age;* they correct each other and complement each other, and were made to go together—the systole and diastole of the heart of American religious journalism."

The Independent and The Liberal Christian are the two largest religious weeklies published. Price of subscription $2 50 per year for the former, and $3 for the latter. Each new subscriber to The Independent can receive The Liberal Christian the first year *at half price*, by remitting $4 for the two to J. N. Hallock, Manager, Box 6695, New York City.

The Best and Original Tonic of Iron, Phosphorus, and Calisaya, known as Caswell, Mack & Co.'s Ferro-Phosphorated Elixir of Calisaya Bark. The Iron restores color to the blood, the Phosphorus renews waste of the nerve tissue, and the Calisaya gives a natural, healthful tone to the digestive organs, thereby curing Dyspepsia in its various forms, Wakefulness, General Debility, and Depression of Spirits. Manufactured only by Caswell, Hazard & Co., New York. Sold by all druggists.

Colgate and Company's Aromatic Vegetable Toilet Soap is the best for toilet use. It is composed of healing ingredients, and, being combined with Glycerine, is particularly adapted to the delicate skin of ladies and infants.

All Persons desirous of having their shirts, linen, and laundry washing of the most perfect whiteness, and without being spotted, should use the Patent Soluble Blueing Bag. It never fails. Sold by all Grocers, Druggists, and by Plymouth Color Co., 106 and 108 Fulton st., N. Y.

S. P. Q. R. were the inspiring characters inscribed upon the conquering banners of the heroic Romans; but D. P. S. are characters which delight our modern nations. They are the initials for David's Pride Soap, which we are told is sold at every respectable grocers, and is warranted to be the greatest dirt eradicator known to modern science. The manufacturer has *forty years'* experience in the making of laundry soaps, and *he* ought to know what good soap is by this time. Try it; you'll like it.

Housekeepers Supplied, and can pay by the week or month for Carpets, Oil-cloths, Furniture, Bedding, etc., at Bendall & Co.'s Warehouses, 205, 207, 209, and 211 Hudson, corner Canal street.

The greatest triumph of mechanics is the making of three sewing-machines from one, which is done by substituting the Bruen M'f'g Co.'s new Cloth-plate for the old one on the Wheeler & Wilson machine. Price $10. Office 571 Broadway.

Our Next President—Who is he? Time will tell; just as it has told to the world that Pyle's ✪ K Soap is the most practical family soap of the age. It saves money, time, and labor. Try it and see.

NEW YORK CATTLE MARKET.

FOR THE WEEK ENDING TUESDAY, AUG. 18, 1868.

[Reported Expressly for The Independent.]

Feed Cattle.

Choice	16¼@16¾
Extra	15½@16
First quality	14½@15½
Second quality	13½@14¾
Third quality	11 @13½
Inferior	9 @10
Average of all sales about	@14¾

Cows and Calves.

Choice	60@100
Good	75@ 90
Fair	40@ 70
Inferior and Common	40@ 45

Sheep and Lambs.

Extra Fine, ₩ lb.	6¼@ 6¾
Choice	5¾@ 6
Good	4½@ 5
Fair	4¾@ 4¾
Common	3¾@ 4
Extra Lambs	7¾@ 8¾
Good	6 @ 7¾
Common to Fair	5 @ 6¾

Veal Calves.

Extra and Choice	11 @11¾
Good	9¾@10½
Common	7 @ 9¼
Inferior	6 @ 8¾

Swine.

	Live, per lb.	Dressed, per lb.
Corn-fed, prime to choice	10¾@10¾	12¾@12¾
Corn-fed, common to fair	9¾@10	12¾@12¾

Beef.—The demand is good, and prices are the same as last week, with sales of Southern and Western at @@44 cents.

Tallow is in good demand, with sales at 12¾@12¾ cents.

Dried Fruits are very dull, and prices are nominal. We quote:

Apples, State, new	7	@ 8¾
do. do. old	5¾	@ 6
do. Ohio, new	7	@ 8¾
do. do. old	5	@ 6
do. Southern	5	@ 6¾
Dried Peaches, new, peeled, good to prime	20	@21
do. do. do. do.	6	@ 18
do. do. do. poor	6	@15
do. do. unpeeled, halves	6	@ 13
do. do. do. quarters	9	@10
Cherries, pitted, per lb	25	@27
Blackberries, per lb	20	@22
Raspberries, per lb	30	@35
Plums, per lb	20	@25

Seeds.—The market is very quiet. We quote:

Clover, new, per lb	9¼@11
Flaxseed, prime, per bush	$2 05@$2 10
Timothy, per bush	$2 40@$2 60

Ashes.—Receipts are light, demand good, and prices are higher. We quote Pots at $8 75@$8 87.

WHOLESALE COUNTRY PRODUCE MARKET.

Reported expressly for The Independent by David W. Lewis, Commission Merchant, No. 62 Pearl street.

Commission on Butter, Eggs, Poultry, etc., is 5 per ct. Flour, Grain etc., 2½ per cent.

Marking-plates furnished when desired.

Gold ranged at 146@146.

Butter.—Receipts for the week were 6,097 packages, showing a falling off from last week of about 1,800 packages. Falls went to 50 cents last Saturday, and other choice State advanced 2@3 cents per lb. There have been considerable sales through the week of good lots of Western at 33@38 cents. Welsh tubs, through in refrigerator cars, sold at 39@40 cents. At the close there is but little fine Butter here. Business is moderate and prices are very firm. We quote:

Orange County pails, per lb	@50
Fine State Yellow, half-firkin tubs	43 @45
do. do. firkins	40 @44
Good, tubs, in lots	39 @40
do. do. firkins, fine	35 @37
Western Butter, fair to good	31 @35
Grease, per lb	30 @35

Cheese.—Receipts for the week were 62,305 boxes, with shipments of about 50,000 boxes. During the fore part of the week fine Factories were bringing 18 cents, and there was heavy transactions. The large arrivals during the middle of the week, together with a weak sold market, and advices of a further decline on the "other side," checked the demand, and sellers are now holding off. Holders are firm in their views and are unwilling to make concessions. Consequently there is but little doing, and our quotations represent to-day's (Friday's) business. We quote:

Factory Cheese, fancy	@17¾
do. do. good	@17
Private Dairies, fancy	17 @17
do do. fair to good	12 @15

Eggs are very slow and dull of sale. Western Eggs arrive in very bad order, and some will scarcely pay freight. We quote for actual count for fresh Eggs:

Jersey, State, and Pennsylvania, per doz	26 @27
Western, per doz	23 @25
Prostrated Eggs	15 @20
Egg Oats, per bush	50 @75

Live Poultry has been in very light supply all the week; and, with good demand, prices are steady. Turkers are scarce and wanted. We quote:

Turkeys, per lb	24 @ 26
Fowls, per lb	23 @ 24
Ducks, per pair	1 00 @1 25
Geese, Jersey, per pair	1 50 @2 75
do. Western, per pair	@2 75
Spring Chickens, per pair	75 @1 13

Game.—There is nothing but a few Woodcock in market, which sell at 75@87 cts. per pair.

Beans.—There is no change to note. The stock here is light, prices are high, and holders are more anxious to sell. We quote:

Marrows, per bush	6 75@6 00
Medium, "	5 50@5 75
Kidneys, "	6 10@6 50

Beeswax.—The demand is good, and prices are the same as last week, with sales of Southern and Western at @@44 cents.

Tallow is in good demand, with sales at 12¾@12¾ cents.

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Dried Peaches, new, peeled, good to prime	20	@21
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DAVID W. LEWIS,

PRODUCE COMMISSION MERCHANT,

No. 62 Pearl street, New York,

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Adam. Sperm	40	@ 42
Adam. Wax	23	@ 25
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Adam'ne Clip	21	@ 22
Adam. Crystal	23	@ 25
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Adam. Crystal	23	@ 25
Dolph & Mapes	20	@ 21
Mould	16	@ 17
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cents ₩ lb		@ 28
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Cheshire, 1		@ 17
Cheshire, 2		@ 16
Cheshire, No. 1		@ 15
Factory, No. 1		@ 14
Factory, No. 2		@ 13
Factory, No. 3		@ 12
Factory, No. 4		@ 11
Factory, No. 5		@ 10
Pale, Chilo		@ 10
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Alcohol		
Aloes, Barb	21	@ 25
Aloes, Socotrine	75	@ 85
Alum	3½	@ 3¾
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Arrols, ref. std	21½	@ 24
Arsenic, pow'd	3	@ 4
Assafœtida	30	@ 40
Balsam Capivi	85	@ 90
Balsam Peru	1 50	@ 1 60
Balsam Tolu	1	@ 1 25
Barrels, Tar	2 50	@ 3 00
Barrels, Pyro, std	27	@ 31
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The Independent.

THEODORE TILTON, EDITOR.
HENRY C. BOWEN, PUBLISHER.

NEW YORK, AUGUST 27, 1868.

MATTHEW ARNOLD'S EXAMPLE.

It is always with delight that we read anything and everything written by Matthew Arnold—a man so true, so sincere, and so cultivated that one finds, in any single essay (almost in any single fragment) from his masterful pen, abundant proof of a fine genius and a Christian heart. "Sweetness and Light" are his favorite words, and they well describe his writings; for his style is as sweet as honey, and as light as day. But Matthew Arnold's friends in this country grieve to find him taking sides with the conservative party in England, and writing against popular liberty:—committing the old offense which, for three centuries, has been common with erudite professors whose learning has proved greater than their wisdom.

For illustration, take the Irish Church question. It is just as criminal in the British Government to force the English Church on Ireland as it would be in the American Government to force the Roman Catholic religion on Connecticut. If there had been but one elegant writer in England to uphold and defend Mr. Gladstone in his just and righteous position on this question, Matthew Arnold ought to have been that one. But Matthew Arnold's present views on the disendowment of the Irish Church are about like Robert C. Winthrop's former views on the abolition of American slavery. In fact, Mr. Arnold is a model for a polished and compromising Massachusetts politician. He ought to be adopted into the Adams family.

Take, again, the popular custom of mass-meetings. Our Constitution expressly forbids Congress to make any laws "against the right of the people peaceably to assemble and to petition the Government for a redress of grievances." What if some first-class American writer should argue in the *Atlantic Monthly* against the right of the free citizens of New York to hold a "monster meeting" in Union Square? American readers of the ocean-cable dispatches for the last year have frequently noticed brief and pithy accounts of great popular demonstrations at which Mr. Bright has spoken. These items of intelligence have always been hailed in America as signs of a better future for England; signs of the elevation of the people; signs of the progress of political equality. But Mr. Arnold astonishes us by saying "that monster processions in the streets . . . ought to be unflinchingly forbidden and repressed." And yet a government which would forbid its loyal and honest (albeit humble) citizens "peaceably to assemble and petition for a redress of grievances" has no right to be a government, and ought to be pulled down by the very people whom it would deny.

Take, again, the English marriage question. Several years ago, the Rev. William Morley Punshon lost his wife. Afterward, finding in his deceased wife's sister a fit and congenial companion, he sought her in marriage. But the ecclesiastical law of England forbids a man to marry his deceased wife's sister. Accordingly, Mr. Punshon, in order to be lawfully married to the lady of his choice, came to the hither side of the Atlantic. Of course, we know that America is the best of all places to be married in (for we have tried it), still we cannot think that an English clergyman ought to be exiled from his native shores merely because he wants to marry his deceased wife's sister. An eminent Presbyterian clergyman in New York, who wanted to marry in the same way, simply did it; and no sensible person on this side of the ocean has held him in any less respect for so doing. But the marriage of either of these clergymen would be pronounced in England invalid and incestuous. Mr. Punshon will have a storm to face on his return. Meanwhile, liberal pens and presses in England are arguing against so supercilious, meddlesome, and tyrannous a law. The American friends of Matthew Arnold would naturally have expected that, if he took any side at all on such a question, he would take the right side. But this son of his father, this student of history, this reformer of society, is lending his influence, not for the repeal, but for the perpetuation of the antique wrong.

Take, again, the delicate but solemn question brought lately to public attention by medical and other scientific men, and by many out-spoken clergymen and religious bodies;—we mean the murder of children before their birth. Abortion is almost a fashion in our best society. Indisputable evidence proves that thousands of respected and refined families are in the habit, like Herod, of murdering the innocents—only the victims are not the first-born, but the unborn. But this is true of rich men's rather than of poor men's families. In fact, we have a current phrase, "the virtuous poor"; but the world has not yet found need for a corresponding phrase, "the virtuous rich." The small (and constantly diminishing) number of children born in well-to-do families is ground for public sorrow and alarm. Both American and British society vitally needs a public sentiment which would revive and make fashionable the olden praise and honor attaching to the parents of many children. But Mr. Arnold, writing of the poor people of East London—a class with whom he mingles too little, and from whom he shrinks too much—adds to their poverty an elegant gentleman's unintended insult, by chiding them for the too great number of their children. Mr. Arnold's rebuke was directed against the wrong end of London.

Take, again, such a service as Mr. Beecher rendered to his country in England, in 1863—a service such as few men, in any age or nation, have ever had the happiness to perform. Is not a generous breast stirred at the spectacle of a patriot pleading the cause of his country before a mob of enemies in a foreign land? The supreme hour of Mr. Beecher's life was when he stood before the miscreants of Liverpool, and demonstrated to them in his own person the spirit of the unconquerable North. But how did he appear to Mr. Arnold? The English professor called the American orator "a heated barbarian." And yet, what is there in Mr. Arnold's civilized indifference half as noble as in Mr. Beecher's barbaric fire? A certain one of our own poets (now abroad) took occasion, some time ago, to characterize Mr. Greeley as "a very unnecessary kind of man." And yet this gilt-edged critic has never succeeded in making his own self half so necessary, or half so useful to his countrymen, as Mr. Greeley is industriously doing every day. If, two hundred years ago, any couple of British popular leaders had held the same sympathetic relation to the struggling people of England as Mr. Beecher and Mr. Greeley have always sustained toward the toiling millions of America, does any one suppose that John Milton, scholar above scholars, and poet above poets, would have called the one "a heated barbarian," or the other "a very unnecessary kind of man"?

We might mention other instances in which Mr. Arnold, and other modern scholars of whom he is a type, exhibit a criminal perversity of judgment on practical questions of profound importance. But we do not care to multiply citations. Our sole purpose in referring to Mr. Arnold's views on any subject whatever is to deduce a moral. That moral is, *the danger accruing to learned men from studying books too much, and studying humanity too little.*

The wave of that Christian democracy which is sooner or later to flow under and uplift all nations, is now beginning to heave and swell once again in England almost as when Cromwell and Milton were its attracting sun and moon. What, then, becomes the present duty of English literary men? In England, as in America, every man whose lips can speak, or whose pen can write, belongs by divine appointment to the party of progress. What the university scholar borrows from books he should repay to the people. If a man of letters uses his gifts, not to urge forward popular rights, but only to anchor existing institutions still deeper in the mud-bottom of conservatism, he might better never have been taught the alphabet. A plantation negro who does his best to make South Carolina a republican commonwealth is more useful in his day and generation than an erudite philosopher who would force a church of one faith upon a people of another. Mr. Arnold (perhaps without egotism) mentions that he has read the Iliad, in its original tongue, twenty-two times, from beginning to end. But there is many a man who has never opened Homer, yet who, out of his English Bible, can teach this conservative scholar the first principles of political equality, of national greatness, and of human happiness. Thoreau said nobly of John Brown that "he would have slanted a Greek accent the wrong way, but would right a fallen man." Mr. Arnold slants his Greek accents the right way, but keeps back his helping hand from the down-trodden masses. And yet an elegant essayist might better have a brotherly heart filled with yearnings toward the lowliest of his countrymen than to have a Greek skull filled (like a sepulcher) with a dead language, voiceless for living duty.

In the long course of human history, everything has come by turns to its due honor, save only Man. Kings, priests, scholars, poets—all these have had their "recompense of reward." But man simply as man—man without a crown to make him a king—man without a robe to make him a priest—man without a scroll to make him a scholar—man with nothing but the fee-simple of his humanity—man with no other credentials than his ignorance, vice, degradation, and immortality—this is a creature who still waits, in all nations, to be lifted to his true station as the peer and equal of all the children of God.

The dignity of human nature, the inherent nobility of the meanest of mankind, the divinely crowned regality of the squalid poor of East London, and of the Five Points:—to understand these things is a high and superior lore which is more important to be learned than Homer's Greek. "Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not charity, I am become as sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal." Is it not written—yea, and in Greek too—that "God is no respecter of persons"? Oxford learning is good, and East London ignorance is bad; but the Judge of all the earth looks upon the student of books and upon the carrier of coals with an impartiality awful to be contemplated by men who allow their learning to become their snare. "Studies," says Lord Bacon, "teach not their own use." Their noblest use is to inculcate the brotherhood of the human race. Nature creates many a man a radical, and afterward some university perverts him into a conservative. Every Erasmus is half a coward. A British Parliament composed of Oxford professors, or an American Congress composed of Boston literati, would be nothing but a meadow of reeds bending before every wind. Of course, over-education is not so common in America as in England. Nor is it very common anywhere. But now and then, on either side of the sea, it sucks the blood out of some great man. This is a sufficient reason of warning. Many a scholar sets out with enthusiasm to keep his bark always afloat on the flowing current of progress, but at last runs aground and stays bedded in the golden quicksands of too many books. Just now, anybody seeking for the whereabouts of Matthew Arnold will find him shelved on a bar somewhere off Salamis in the Ægean Sea.

We trust that Mr. Gladstone will disendow the Irish Church, that the workingmen of England will pour forth in mass-meetings to cheer John Bright, that the families in East London will have a numerous offspring, that the Rev. Mr. Punshon will find great happiness with his deceased wife's sister, that Mr. Beecher will cease to be a heated barbarian, and that Mr. Greeley will become a very necessary kind of man—while Mr. Matthew Arnold shall be reading the Iliad in Greek for the twenty-third time.

THE news of Thaddeus Stevens's death (says one of the editors of THE INDEPENDENT) reached me while traveling in his native state. I had seen, a few days before, the very house in which he lived when a boy, and whence he was sent by his mother, then struggling with poverty, to the Caledonia County Grammar School, where he was fitted for college. I had seen, too, the house and the farm, in the same town, which he, after his early success at the bar of Pennsylvania, gratefully purchased as a home for her and his younger brother, and where they ended their earthly life. In the beautiful cemetery in the same town (Peacham, Vt.) I had seen the grave of that noble mother, with whose face I was so familiar in the days of my boyhood. As the Baptists had no place of worship in Peacham, she and Thaddeus's youngest brother were constant worshipers in the Congregational church, of which the Rev. Leonard Worcester, of sainted memory, was pastor. I also saw and conversed with some of the old men in Peacham, who remembered him as a schoolmate, and who have always watched his career with interest and pride. After all this, I leave you to judge of the feelings awakened in my mind by his death, and more especially by the will and testament in which he reveals the noblest qualities of a man. The Juvenile Society of Peacham, to which he has left a legacy of $1,000, was famous in its day. Its library was of inestimable value to Mr. Stevens, and to many another young man of that period; and in its debates he first tried the wings of his oratory. His bequest to that society, and his allusions to his mother, who endured many privations that she might give him an education, will forever endear his memory to the people of the town in which he spent his boyhood.

FEMALE SUFFRAGE IN THE CHURCHES.

OUR attention has been called anew to this subject, in connection with certain recent occurrences in the Congregational church at Elmwood, Illinois. The facts, as we find them stated in the *Elmwood Chronicle*, and as corroborated by private testimony, are briefly these:

The Congregational church at Elmwood consists of two hundred and ten members; of whom one-third, or about seventy, are male adults. As in most cases, no rule existed prohibiting the female members from voting, and yet practically very few of them exercised the right. The agitation of the subject began with the introduction of a manual of church government, drawn up by the pastor, Rev. Mr. P., in which was a clause expressly restricting the right of suffrage to adult male members. This manual was adopted under peculiar circumstances. It was prepared by the pastor, without consultation with the other members of the committee appointed for that purpose; the deacons of the church who were on that committee knowing nothing of the matter in question, nor having, in fact, seen the manual till after its adoption. Few, if any, of the members knew that the question of suffrage was to come up. Less than twenty persons, of whom several were females, attended the meeting, called in the usual manner for the transaction of church business. The manual, including the suffrage restriction, was adopted at this meeting by a vote of five yeas to one nay—males only voting; and a two-thirds vote was made necessary to any change. All subsequent attempts to secure a modification or repeal of the obnoxious restriction have proved ineffectual, although a protest, signed by nearly one hundred members of the church, requesting another meeting to reconsider the whole matter, was almost immediately drawn up and presented to the pastor. Instead, however, of calling such a meeting, he preached a sermon the following Sabbath on woman's rights. After some weeks' delay, a meeting was called, and was largely attended, but all attempts to bring up the special business for which the meeting was called were declared out of order by the pastor, and the meeting adjourned without action. Subsequently, another meeting was called, at which it was proposed that the subject be taken up *de novo*—those who objected to the suffrage restriction being perfectly willing to submit the matter to the whole church, and abide by the decision of the majority; but this was opposed and prevented by the pastor, under the previous ruling by which a vote of two-thirds was made necessary to a reconsideration. Meanwhile, by various influences, some originally opposed to the restriction had been induced to stand aloof; so that, though a majority were decidedly opposed to the prohibition, a two-thirds vote was not secured for a reconsideration. Thus a measure odious, and justly so, to the greater half of the church was fastened upon it by the votes of *five members* out of *two hundred and ten*. After mature consideration, twenty-eight members, dissatisfied with such arbitrary proceedings, and unable to obtain a remedy, requested letters of dismission to the Presbyterian or other evangelical church; which were granted, but not with the usual form of recommendation and certificate of good standing.

Such, substantially, are the facts, as we have been able to gather them from the sources already named; and, in respect to these facts, we have one or two things to offer. Into the general question of female suffrage in the church we are not about to enter. Our opinions on that subject are well known to our readers, and there is no reason to restate them. We have to do, just now, simply with the case before us, as above given. And, as respects that matter, we hold the following facts to be obvious and undeniable:

1. Whatever may be thought of the *right* or the *propriety* of female suffrage in church matters, *practically* the female members have *seldom exercised* the right in Congregational churches. Such has been the *general usage and custom* of these churches. This we know to be true, generally, of the Eastern churches; and, while the practice of female suffrage may have been somewhat more general at the West, yet even there, so far as we are informed, while the right is very generally conceded, it is not commonly exercised in matters of ordinary church business. The churches are comparatively few, we presume, in which it has been the custom for women to take a prominent part in business matters, or even to cast their votes on ordinary occasions.

2. While, as now stated, they have not generally exercised the right of suffrage, the cases are very rare in which this right has been denied them by express restriction or prohibition in the constitution or by-laws of the church. We have had occasion to examine the manuals of church government of Congregational churches from all parts of the country; and we do not remember to have seen one in which the privilege of voting is expressly restricted to male members. The Elmwood church probably stands alone in the State of Illinois in this matter. We hope it does, and that it will be long before it has company. It is an example not to be followed. The like innovation, as our readers may remember, was attempted not long ago in the Union Park church of Chicago, and in the same way—*i. e.*, the introduction into the church manual of a clause restricting the right of suffrage to adult male members; and, after mature deliberation and discussion, in which the pastor and the professors in the seminary took part, it was voted down by an overwhelming majority. In fact, the great body of Congregational churches, East and West, whatever their practice as to female suffrage, stand to-day, in theory and as regards their constitution and laws, just where they have always stood—on the broad and only truly Congregational basis of equal rights to all the members. Here and there one may have some restricting clause; but the exceptions are rare.

3. It is obvious and undeniable that any such restriction, if adopted, should be by vote of the whole church, after notice duly given of the proposed measure and after the most careful consideration. The change is one too radical, and too deeply affecting the prosperity of the whole body, to be sprung upon the church by hasty action and the votes of a small portion of the membership. Such a course is not more un-Congregational than it is unwise and unworthy of any body of men styling themselves Christian. Even at the best, and with all due deliberation and regard for the will of the majority, we should regard the restriction as unwise and at variance with the true spirit and principles of Congregationalism. But, not to argue that point, if, after mature deliberation, and by vote of a majority of the whole body, a church decides to adopt such a rule, it is doubtless competent—we do not say wise or expedient—for it to do so; just as it is competent for it, if it chooses, to adopt a rule excluding female members from singing in the church, teaching in the Sabbath-school, or praying in meeting. There would, doubtless, be a difference of opinion as to the wisdom and propriety of such restrictions. But a Congregational church is a church that governs itself by the will of the majority; and, if it choose to govern itself in the way now indicated, whether wisely or unwisely, it is nobody's business but its own.

4. It is obvious that, in the present case, the proceedings, so far from being conducted in the manner indicated, were in the highest degree objectionable and unwarranted. It appears, from the above statement, that the manual was prepared by the pastor, and the clause respecting suffrage introduced by him without the knowledge and consent of the other members of the committee, the deacons not having seen the manual until after its adoption; that it was not understood by the church, or any considerable number of it, that the question of suffrage was to come up at all, at that meeting, or any other; that the rule in question was sprung upon the church by what may properly be called a *snap judgment*—five votes out of a membership of two hundred and ten fastening upon the body a rule justly obnoxious to the great majority, and clenching it then by another rule requiring a two-thirds vote in order to a change or reconsideration. It further appears that the pastor, in utter disregard of the protest and petition of some one hundred members of his church, refused at first to call a meeting for reconsideration of the obnoxious measure; and, when a meeting was finally called, hindered its proper action, and finally defeated the effort to carry out the will of the majority—even going so far as to refuse letters of recommendation in the usual form to those who sought refuge from his despotism in other churches. We do not hesitate to pronounce the whole proceeding as arbitrary and unjust—a species of mean and petty tyranny unworthy of a Christian minister and disgraceful to Congregationalism. The whole spirit and character of the proceedings is eminently worthy of a bad cause. We greatly mistake the genius and spirit of Congregationalism, and especially of our noble, liberty-loving Western churches, if such methods of procedure meet their approbation. If this is to be the style of our Congregationalism, the less we have of it the better.

DR. MARSH AND THE NATIONAL TEMPERANCE SOCIETY.

NEW YORK, August 17th, 1868.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE INDEPENDENT:

I NOTICE in the last issue of your paper some remarks reflecting upon the National Temperance Society, in an obituary notice of Dr. Marsh. I ask, as a simple matter of justice to the National Temperance Society, that you allow space for the simple statement of facts in your paper:

The convention of 1865 was not called by Dr. Marsh's committee; but by prominent temperance men of the United States, who felt the necessity of some more effective organization for the advancement of the temperance reform. The convention assembled; and, after three days' deliberation, decided to establish a publication house, and chose a committee, with full power to take immediate steps to put the same in operation. When the committee had met and organized, Dr. Marsh desired them to take the property of the old Temperance Union, and informed them that the debts of the Union amounted to about nine hundred dollars.

A sub-committee was chosen to confer with Dr. Marsh, and inquire into the value of the property, who carefully investigated the matter, and found that there was not property sufficient to pay the cost of supplying the copies of the papers—*The Journal* and *The Youth's Temperance Advocate*—which had been paid for in advance by subscribers to Dr. Marsh; and so reported. They also reported that the Doctor desired $1,500 for the transfer. The committee had not a dollar of funds to negotiate with; but, being desirous of uniting and harmonizing all parties and elements, and receiving a proposition from Mr. Wm. E. Dodge to pay $500 of it himself, the proposal was accepted, and the $1,500 paid to Dr. Marsh, and his receipt taken. Five hundred dollars was paid by Mr. Dodge, and the remaining one thousand advanced by the members of the committee.

Upon receiving the effects, we found there were not $300 worth of "property"; and the cost of filling out subscriptions, for which Dr. Marsh had received advanced payment, amounted to much more than value received. The bound file of the journal of the American Temperance Union, the only property of real value, had just been sold to the Massachusetts State Temperance Alliance, and is now in their possession. Thus Dr. Marsh received $1,500 before a dollar was collected, or the National Society put into operation.

A few individual friends of Dr. Marsh printed and circulated an appeal for funds "to offer some fitting testimonial" as a reward for his services. The circular was signed by Joshua Leavitt, D.D., one of the editors of THE INDEPENDENT, and printed in the book entitled "Temperance Recollections," by Dr. Marsh. On pages 372 and 373 of the book the sum of $1,500 is credited as having been received for that purpose, making $3,000 Dr. Marsh received from both sources. This was mostly received from men upon whom the committee had relied for donations to the new society.

The first year of the society, when, in its doubtful but earnest struggle for existence, it was in pressing need of funds, our financial agent when soliciting was repeatedly met with the response, "I have just subscribed a testimonial to Dr. Marsh." Afterward the Doctor importuned the society, and after weeks of committee meetings and interviews the further sum of $750 was paid to him, for which we have a receipt—making the sum of $2,250 from the National Society, besides many other collections and donations, which he received; for all of which the society received no equivalent in "property." The proposition to transfer the property was not from the committee; they knew it was of no real value. The society would have been far better off never to have taken the remains of the old "Union"; and it was only out of deference to the well-earned honors and life-long services of the Doctor that the board of managers consented to the arrangement. We had no desire to state these matters publicly; but, when THE INDEPENDENT says Dr. Marsh was turned adrift "without a dollar," we are compelled to state the facts of the case.

Yours truly,
J. N. STEARNS, Publishing Agent.

Our recollection may be at fault in regard to the formal call of the convention of 1863; but we are sure that there was no intimation in the call of a purpose to supersede the Temperance Union, and throw overboard its veteran and faithful secretary, without paying the debts incurred, or any provision for an old man suddenly turned adrift without support. There was, indeed, an apprehension that some revolutionary movement was contemplated in certain quarters, for the sake of giving prominence to the Temperance Orders—or Temperance Societies with a secret—as the main stay of the temperance cause. But that "three days' deliberation" could result in such a complete oblivion of the great national organization, which had so well served the temperance cause for thirty years, was not to have been foreseen.

It will be easily believed that Dr. Marsh was both surprised and distressed at the result. The management of the Union's affairs had been so much left in his hands that he considered its outstanding debts as a personal obligation. In addition, he saw himself suddenly turned adrift in his seventy-eighth year, not knowing which way he was to turn for the support of his family, under a virtual sentence that he was no longer capable of useful service. It was certainly a severe trial, to which he ought not to have been subjected by those who were appointed the "national" representatives of the friends of temperance.

What was he to do? To continue the operations of the old Union, with its monthly journal, was not to be thought of. It is true the Convention had not dissolved the old committee, nor discontinued the old Journal, nor relieved the old secretary from any of his responsibilities, either to the country, the cause, or the creditors. But the Convention of 1865 was the lineal successor of the Convention of 1836, which constituted the Union—having the same authority and the same responsibility in acting for the body of friends of temperance. The new committee had the same rank with the old, and was composed of younger men, besides having the favor of all the "orders." It was contrary to all Dr. Marsh's ideas of propriety, as well as love to the cause, to inaugurate an unseemly rivalry. But the new committee made at first no advances toward a union. In his perplexity and anxiety, it may be that he at some time proposed to accept of nine hundred dollars, resolving to stagger through his short remnant of life under the rest of the load. On reading this part of Mr. Stearns's statement, the question arises, Why did not the new committee then close the transfer? If they believed that only nine hundred dollars was due, why did they agree to pay Dr. Marsh fifteen hundred? And, if they afterward became satisfied that the latter sum was due, why do they now bring forward the other figure? And, if fifteen hundred was all that was due, why did they afterward give him a continual promise of fifteen hundred more? And, if the second fifteen hundred was justly due, why did they compel Dr. Marsh to accept half the sum, by telling him it was all they would pay, and not that unless he would give a receipt in full? Do Mr. Dodge, and Mr. Booth, and Mr. Delavan pay their own personal debts in that way? Or, on the other hand, if the committee believed that nothing was due to Dr. Marsh, why did they pay it? Certainly, they did not fear that he, in his old age and poverty, would compel them to pay by a suit at law against these wealthy and resolute men.

Much is made of the circumstance that "the committee had not a dollar of funds to negotiate with." But why had they no funds? Was it expected that the new "National Temperance Society and Publishing House" was to meet the wants of the cause without funds—and this in a manner so much "more effective" as to justify the unceremonious repudiation of the old committee and its laborious secretary? They had funds, as soon as Dr. Marsh was shelved out of the way, to do a large business, both in the publication line, in holding conventions, and in organizing lodges. Some may imagine that the men who have so cheerfully given their thousands and ten thousands prudently withheld their gifts until the plea of "no funds" had secured a settlement with Dr. Marsh.

It would have been honest in the new committee, representing the same "National Temperance" host that had given Dr. Marsh employment, if they had at once gone to him with a friendly offer to take his burdens off his aged shoulders, first making *full payment of all arrears*, principal and interest. In the present case, there has been no reckoning of interest, which would make a difference of many dollars, simply because Dr. Marsh was too magnanimous to ask it. The committee do not pretend that they ever offered to pay the whole indebtedness, interest or principal.

If we are correctly informed, Dr. Marsh's salary was originally fixed at twelve hundred dollars, and was never increased; although most of the other secretaries in the city who then received twelve to fifteen hundred dollars have had their salaries raised, with the increased cost of living, to two, three, four, and five thousand dollars. The committee knew, therefore, that nothing but the most exact and systematic economy had enabled him to live and to bring up his family, as was his duty; and that it was not to be supposed that he had accumulated such a surplus as would make it a matter of indifference to him whether he received a part or the whole of what was his just due, and that it would be no hardship for him to be suddenly cut off from his usual income when too old to look for further employment. It would have been honorable in the committee, therefore, if they had spontaneously invited Dr. Marsh to continue in the service of the cause he so truly loved, without diminishing his scanty allowance, but performing only such labor as his strength was equal to. We have known individual employers to be thus considerate for those who have become too old to bear the full burthen of their better days. Dr. Marsh continued for these years to be a vigorous worker, an able writer, an acceptable and influential public speaker; and he desired nothing so much as to be permitted to employ all his days and all his powers in the service of the cause. He knew well that the most productive use for old age is continuous labor just in the line of life which habit has rendered most agreeable. The committee have had ample means of paying others, and Dr. Marsh never failed of being able to raise money for his support.

But if this was inadmissible or unconformable to the policy of the committee, it would have been honorable for the committee if they had issued a cordial appeal to the temperance public, setting forth the long and faithful services of Dr. Marsh, and asking for a testimonial fund of five or six thousand dollars, to be given to him on his retirement, as a proof of kind remembrance and a moderate provision for his wants during the few years that should remain to him on earth. Other secretaries and editors have had such testimonials, amounting sometimes to twenty, forty, or fifty thousand dollars; and none thought it unsuitable. Such an appeal, signed by Delavan, Cuyler, Dodge, Booth, and the other members of the committee, accompanied by a corresponding proof of their personal interest, would have been accepted by the whole country as evidence of the magnanimity of the new organization, and a worthy tribute to a faithful laborer in the cause.

The movement of a few private individuals in favor of a proper testimonial was, of course, less effective than if it had come forth under a national authorization. It was but partially pressed; and, when it was found that the committee was using it as an apology for not paying their debts, it was dropped, having realised only about $1,500. So far as the committee were concerned, and the National Convention which they represented, Dr. Marsh was, without fault or warning, turned adrift without a dollar; and, in addition, was deliberately deprived of the sum of $750 admitted to be justly his due, besides a considerable sum, never reckoned, of lawful interest on the arrears.

We have in hand two letters of Dr. Marsh: one printed and addressed to the board of managers of the new society, in the spring of 1867, and the other a manuscript copy of a letter to Mr. Dodge, dated Nov. 26th, 1866. In the first it is stated that, on the application of the committee to learn the terms on which the assets of the old Temperance Union would be transferred, "a reply was next day given in writing" that it would be done "on the payment of the debts of the Union, amounting, as was supposed, to $3,000—viz.: $1,500 due for paper and printing, and $1,500 due to the secretary for salary in arrears and money advanced by him in conducting the business of the office." Here was a definite sum to be looked at from the beginning. Nothing is said about an indebtedness of only $900. "Shortly after, the committee offered to pay off the first $1,500 at once, with an assurance that they would endeavor to raise the $1,500 for the secretary by private subscription in six months from the 1st of January, 1866." The old committee asked for some security; and finally accepted a written assurance, signed by Messrs. Cuyler, Stearns, Newell, Davies, and Dunn, that they would "endeavor to raise" the $1,500 in six months.

In the letter to Mr. Dodge, Dr. Marsh affirms that "without this assurance from Christian and honorable men" he should not have consented to the transfer. At the end of the six months, instead of receiving the promised $1,500, he was invited to meet Messrs Newell and Booth, for a final settlement. Mr. Booth, like a prudent man of business, failed to be present, leaving it to the clergyman to do the work, which we will let him describe in his own language, in a note to Dr. M.:

"I urged you to take the $750 as a final settlement with that society, because you had actually received from your friends and ours, who would have contributed that sum through us, if we had been permitted to make collections among your friends, as we had anticipated. I urged this as a final settlement, also, because it was not only all they would give, but *they would not give that, unless you received it then*; as the society felt absolved from all obligation by your course in reference to the matter.

"W. W. N."

That is, the debt is no longer a debt due, because others have proposed to raise a testimonial fund. Dr. Marsh well asks: "Would the American Board of Commissioners have felt thus absolved from any engagements to Dr. Anderson, because of some interference of friends in efforts to raise him $20,000?" It is pitiful to see what responsible men will sometimes do, when acting as a committee in the cause of Christian benevolence.

WHAT THE LIVING SHOULD SAY OF THE DEAD.

FAR and near the papers are debating the question, When a man of eminence dies, shall we throw only the roses of rhetoric on his coffin, or shall we make his death the text of a lesson for the living? Both sides of the thesis are zealously defended. Some journalists, within a week, have advocated the most antagonistic views of it. A moderate expression of opinion, founded on well-known facts in the life of an editor lately deceased, was made the excuse for a volley of invectives against THE INDEPENDENT in a hundred Democratic papers; when, lo! before their censures had ceased to echo, a great patriot died, and the same pens were hastily taken up to load his memory with the coarsest execrations.

"By our telegraph column it will be seen," said a distinguished Democratic journal, "that the notorious Radical revolutionist, Thaddeus Stevens, is dead. Upon the receipt of this news we heard a friend exclaim: 'Well, there's a lively time in hell to-day.' For ourselves, far from expressing any dissent from this pithy remark, we may merely add that Thad., with all his vileness, both social and political, was yet an outspoken old reprobate."

This is not the vilest growth of the harvest of unclean speech which the death of the Great Commoner called forth.

The celebrated Latin maxim—so often quoted and perverted to shield great criminals, and to consecrate successful hypocrisy and fraud—"say nothing but good of the dead," is applicable, if ever, only in the case of private individuals, whose influence is confined to a limited sphere. And, even in these instances, it is true only if construed to mean that we should say nothing if we cannot honestly praise the dead—a tribute due to the grief of the sincere mourners whom every man leaves behind him, and to the dread mystery which the departed soul has gone out to explore.

But, more sacred even than sorrow, or than death, is our duty always to speak truly, if we speak at all; and no pageants, however solemn or stately, should swerve us from that great primal allegiance. Thousands have been driven from the Christian Church in disgust by preachers who are prompt to throw the halo of a religious sanction over the graves of conspicuous but bad men; and no lesson is more corrupting to the young than to see that a vicious or a misspent life, if only successful in gathering wealth or official honors, leaves behind it no ill flavor, no dread memory, no warning for the coming generations to shun a like career, under penalty of the posthumous detestation of their kind.

How unlike the biographical sketches of the Old Testament are the obituary sermons and essays of our time! The drunkard, the libertine, the traitor, and the false friend; the man who sells his soul to the highest bidder, or for the largest circulation, and for the heaviest vote; the panderer to the vices of the so-called great, or to the prejudices of his party or of the populace, are spoken of when they die—if only they managed to fight their way (or to crawl their way) to a place of distinction—both in public and private, by the press and the pulpit, in terms due solely to those who have rounded out a pure life in honor, and who have fought the good fight bravely, without faltering or looking back, until the Great Captain detailed them for higher duties in another sphere. All this is mischievous and wrong; it aims to fill up the great gulf between goodness and evil; it tends to destroy the natural flavor of the public conscience, and prepare the way for a thousand "defalcations" and "irregularities" in social and in business relations. It tells bad men in public life to persist in their public crimes. It robs the humble worthies of the earth of their fitting reward of honest praise. For what does a kind word over an humble man avail, when whole dictionaries are robbed of their eulogistic adjectives to do honor to a successful charlatan or knave?

When men *are* dead, and not till then, should the old Latin maxim protect them. But, as "kings never die," so great public men live on in the policies they created or supported, and in the opinions and the measures which they advocated. It was Calhoun's bony fingers that fired the cannon against Fort Sumter; and it was Webster's clammy hands that kept Lincoln from signing a proclamation of emancipation for many long and cruel months before he consented to crown his name with the glory of the great deed. As long as Webster still lives in his disciples and influences, and is still appealed to (albeit less often every year) to silence conscience and to confirm infidelity to human rights, shall any man dare to say that we shall speak nothing but what is good of him, or fail to show (as Parker, and Parton, and Garrison, and Phillips have done) that he sold his great soul for a price, and died broken-hearted because he was remorselessly cheated out of his pay? As long as men point to the great intellect that God gave, it is our duty to point to the base uses which the fallen statesman made of it. Living or shrouded, as long as any man's power is exerted to keep down God's poor, we must battle with it, and resist it, and never cease to struggle until it is overthrown and removed. To the earnest man life is not a game of chess. It is a battlefield between Christ and his enemies, in which no quarter is to be given or taken until the forces of the foe strike their flag and sue for pardon.

And yet it is fitting that the words that are uttered over an ended career should be spoken, if they are not words of praise, in sadness rather than in anger. We should weep tears of sorrow over perverted powers, and not rejoice with barbaric joy that an enemy has fallen. No sadder comment on the moral condition of the Southern States could have been made than their own journalists have exhibited in their exultations over the grave of Thaddeus Stevens. Their rhetoric is only one remove from the cannibalism which feasts upon the body of their foes.

The Latin maxim is quoted every year, and it will be quoted a thousand times again. Shall we venture to amend it? Surely, it should read *not*, "Say nothing but what is good of the dead"; but, rather, "Say nothing but what is just, whether of the living or the dead." Speak the truth of all men, but the truth in love: so shall the reign of exact and equal justice to all men come surely and come speedily.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

IT ought to be known to the Christian public that Mr. Oliver Dyer, author of "The Wickedest Man in New York," and of the other striking articles of the same series now going forward in *Packard's Monthly*, is a thoroughly just, honest, and reliable man. We have known Mr. Dyer personally for many years. He possesses a singularly fine intellectual and moral constitution, eminent common-sense, inflexible integrity, and a sympathetic genius for social reforms. A lawyer by profession, a writer of long practice, a keen observer of character, and a philosophic student of society, his articles should not be regarded as mere transcripts of an inventive fancy, but as the ripened fruits of long observation, deep reflection, and a Christian desire to stimulate a reformation among the vicious classes of this city. A few years ago, we heard Mr. Dyer, in a public speech at the Academy of Music, describe the underground haunts of wretchedness and crime in our lower wards, and we remember how he stirred the house by suddenly saying, "But the worst cellar in New York is the rumseller." We hope that, in addition to his discussion of the "social evil," he will touch also on the grog-shops, and on the vigorous enforcement of the Excise Law. We have long desired to see Mr. Dyer engaged in making just such a public *expose* as he has now begun; and we hope that, in spite of the somewhat ungeneerous insinuendoes of *Harper's Weekly*, he will make thorough work to the end.

—In turning over the pages of the September number of *Hours at Home*, our eye casually fell on the following sentence:

"I write for the present day, not for past ages."

Turning back to the table of contents, to ascertain the name of the author of the above bold and radical confession, judge of our astonishment to learn that it was the Rev. William Patton, Jr., D.D., editor of *The Advance!* It was on Saturday last that we made this discovery, and it is now the following Wednesday evening; but we have not yet recovered from our surprise. P. S.—Early Thursday morning. It has occurred to us (just as we go to press) that the phenomenon may be thus explained: Dr. Patton writes only in *Hours at Home* for the "present day," and only in *The Advance* for "the past ages."

—Influential Southern men are urging a session of Congress in September, for the purpose of adopting measures to secure a fair election in the reconstructed states. Something, they say, must be done to protect Union men, and secure the negroes against the threats and intimidations of their rebel employers.

LITERARY INSTITUTIONS.

HOWARD UNIVERSITY, AT WASHINGTON, D. C.—This rising institution, designed at first to meet some pressing wants among the colored people, most appropriately bears the name of the excellent Chief of the Freedmen's Bureau, Gen. O. O. Howard, U. S. A., to whose untiring efforts for its advancement it is chiefly indebted for its present hopeful position. It is incorporated as a college under an act of Congress. By an early purchase of one hundred and fifty acres of land in the city, the cost of which has been already covered by judicious sales of lots, a commanding site of fifty acres is secured, and the erection of a commanding edifice is already well advanced. The preparatory department, with one hundred pupils, has been in operation nearly a year. The medical department is organized, and will go into operation this Fall. The theological and law departments will wait on circumstances. The organization of college classes is expected to begin this season. It is the intention of the trustees to give in every branch the most thorough courses of instruction known in this country. They mean to make it a complete university in all departments, "free to all persons, without distinction of race, sex, or former condition, who possess the requisite qualifications."

They now appeal to the public for the needed funds, particularly for the endowment of professorships and scholarships, which cannot be dispensed with, and for which the university offers a stable material foundation. Rev. Byron Sunderland, D.D., of Washington, is chairman of the executive committee, and Mr. A. L. Barber, a graduate of Oberlin College, is principal of the normal and preparatory department.

We do not know how money could be more judiciously and productively invested than by endowing Howard University, to supply the present and future "urgent and constantly-increasing demand for educated teachers, physicians, lawyers, and ministers, to labor for the people of the South."

THE HEBREW COLLEGE AT PHILADELPHIA.—The *Jewish Messenger* speaks plainly to its

Publisher's Notices.

THE AMERICAN MISSIONARY ASSOCIATION.

ITS WORK AND WANTS.

($50,000 REQUIRED.)

THE Freedmen are not yet through the wilderness. They are free. But freedom alone gives neither lands, homes, nor capital; and the South is so poor, and the whites are so embittered against teaching the blacks, that common-schools will not be started speedily or generally. They are voters; but they are just passing through a terrible struggle, at the risk of their daily bread or their lives, against the flattery and violence of their old masters, for the free use of the vote. In this they need intelligence and virtue to resist seductions, and fortitude and patience to endure suffering. Teachers and missionaries are their best leaders, and schools and a pure Gospel their "sinews of war."

The Association is their helper, not to pauperize, but to educate them to self-help. It has employed an average of five hundred missionaries and teachers for them, in each of the last two years; and, seeing the absolute necessity of preparing them rapidly to be their own teachers, it has, at large cost, opened fifteen normal and high schools, occupying central locations, in good buildings, on lands owned by the Association. It has preached the Gospel and planted churches among them, on the basis of a pure faith and an upright life. More of this work is needed. Schools may be like the "wheels" in the prophetic vision; but the Gospel must be the moving "spirit" in the wheels.

The increased expense of the ordinary schools, the heavy cost of establishing normal schools, the inability of the Bureau to furnish return transportation for the teachers, and the falling off in the receipts for the last four months, *have created a debt;* which, unless removed, must cripple the operations of the coming year, just at a time when to withdraw the helping hand will be most discouraging and most dangerous. Must the Freedmen, who aided us so nobly in our great struggle, and on whose elevation rest not only the hopes of the loyal whites, but of the whole country, for the South, be made to feel that they are at once beset by their old foes and deserted by their new friends? Shall a cause so sacred, so intertwined with every interest of the Freedmen, the loyal whites, and the country, be imperilled for lack of an offering meet for the exigency? Our only hope against this danger is that the wisdom and benevolence of our friends will avert it. What is an offering of even $100,000 for a cause like this? One breath of the spirit that gave millions to the Christian and Sanitary Commissions would secure it.

We appeal to our friends with confidence. They are not poorer, but richer, for the help they have given, in time of need, to us and to other mission boards. They have enlisted for the war, and will not desert the freedman until he and the country are safe. We, therefore, earnestly urge upon ministers, churches, Sabbath-schools, and individuals to consider their *privilege and duty* in the case, and to act promptly. $50,000 in September, which closes our fiscal year, will be absolutely required to meet our present emergency.

Ladies' committees, treasurers of local societies or churches, executors of WILLS, and all persons holding funds for the Association, or having the responsibility of making or transmitting collections, are earnestly requested to forward them to our treasury before the close of September.

In behalf of the Executive Committee,

GEO. WHIPPLE,
M. E. STRIEBY,
J. R. SHIPHERD, } *Sec'ys.*

56 John Street, New York, Aug. 24, 1868.

LAPORTE'S KID GLOVES.

OUR readers will notice on our last page the advertisement of Laporte's Paris Kid Gloves; and many will no doubt recall the name of "LAPORTE," whose peculiar signature they have seen in the beautifully cut and elastic kid glove brought home by many a returning tourist from London. Their introduction into this country is deserving of more than a passing notice. Laporte's Kid Gloves have been in use for nearly a quarter of a century by the Queen and royal family of England, and also by many of the most noble and distinguished families of that and other countries. It is noted for its beautiful shape, giving to the hand that graceful outline so rarely seen in ordinary gloves; lightening the effect of a handsome hand, and concealing in a measure any natural defect in those that are otherwise. Our enterprising merchants should not be slow to avail themselves of the advantages which have been already derived by European dealers in this glove. One house in London (the well-known firm of J. & R. Morley) sells annually 30,000 dozen of Laporte's gloves. These highly-esteemed gloves are being introduced into America by Fisk, Clark & Flagg, No. 58 White st., N. Y., who are the wholesale agents.

THE scales manufactured by the Sampson Scale Company, 240 Broadway, seem to have reached almost the perfection of mechanism. They combine in a remarkable degree, simplicity, durability, and accuracy. Their sensitiveness is best illustrated by the fact that a ten-ton scale, with a load of 24,000 pounds weighed upon it, required only four ounces to turn the beam. The company manufacture, under their patent, every variety of scales, after himost approved patterns; and claim to produce an article superior to anything with which it comes in competition. They invite careful inspection and comparison.

THE AMERICAN TRACT SOCIETY OF BOSTON, by saving the expense of collecting agents, is enabled to give away in its work *all that is given to it.* Economy is its principle. Those who want the *whole amount* of their donations to go for benevolence will find this society's method *just the thing.*

TO SUBSCRIBERS.

You are particularly requested to notice our "Terms" on first page; and *especially* the clause referring to remittances. It will be noticed that communications are hereafter to be addressed to our Box in the Post-office, as follows:

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We will cause a copy of "OUR YOUNG FOLKS" for twelve months to be sent to every one of our subscribers who shall renew his or her subscription for ONE YEAR *in advance*, and send FIFTY CENTS more than the regular price of the paper; or, to any person who shall send us one *new* subscriber for one year. The cash either by money-order or bank-checks, according to *terms* on the first page, always to accompany the order.

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1868.

GREAT PREMIUM.

HOWE SEWING MACHINE.

WE have made a special contract with the Howe Sewing Machine Company to furnish their world-renowned machine as a

Premium for New Subscribers TO The Independent

during the present year. Any person who will send us the names of twenty-four new subscribers, at our regular subscription price (see terms on *first* page) will be presented with one of these celebrated machines, the lowest price of which is $60. It will be packed and shipped by express, or otherwise, as directed.

We simply want the names (with the money) of *twenty-four persons* who do not take our paper, and who really subscribe for it; they may be sent one at a time, or all together; they may be at one post-office, or more than one—we are only particular that they shall be *bona-fide new subscribers.*

We will also give the Sewing Machine on payment of one subscription 24 years in advance, or two subscriptions 12 years in advance, or three subscriptions 8 years in advance.

Old subscribers, not in arrears, can in this way secure a Sewing Machine simply for the *use* of the money during the time specified.

All subscriptions sent under this offer must begin with the number of our paper NEXT AFTER THE RECEIPT OF THE MONEY.

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We will send by mail (postage paid) a copy of Carpenter's new book, entitled

SIX MONTHS AT THE WHITE HOUSE,
(359 PAGES,)

to every one of our subscribers who shall renew his or her subscription for ONE YEAR *in advance*, and send FIFTY CENTS more than the regular price of the paper; or, to ANY PERSON who will send us one *new* subscriber for one year. The cash, either by money-order or bank-checks, according to *terms* on the first page, always to accompany the order.

All remittances to be made to
HENRY C. BOWEN, Publisher,
No. 3 Park Place, New York.

NOTICES.

CHICAGO THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY.—THE ELEVENTH ANNUAL LECTURE TERM will open on will be allowed, on Thursday (20th), at 9 o'clock A. M. the second Wednesday (9th) of September next. Rooms Should Keyes's Hall be insufficient for the students, accommodations will be provided elsewhere till the new dormitory now building shall be completed. For catalogues or further information apply to Rev. H. L. HAMMOND, Treasurer, 84 Washington street, Chicago, Ill.
August 7th, 1868.

DIED.

FOX.—In Monmouth, Kennebec County, Maine, on Sunday morning, Aug. 23, after a short and painful illness, Mrs. Elizabeth Talntor Fox, relict of Mr. Elijah Fox.

Deceased was born in Colchester, Conn., Dec. 18th, 1777, and was at her death 90 years and 5 months of age. She was married on the 1st of June, 1806, settling in Waterford, near New London, Conn., and residing there until 1820; when, with her late consort, she removed to Monmouth, Me., where they were among the earlier settlers of that town. She was for fifty-two years a consistent professing Christian, having first united with the Congregational church in New London, and afterward with the same denomination in Winthrop, Me. In 1850 she withdrew from the church in Winthrop, and united with the First Baptist church in Monmouth, of which she was a member at the time of her death. She retained, in a remarkable degree, to within a few months of her decease, her mental and physical faculties. She never forgot the friends of her youth. Her life was comparatively quiet and retired; but was one of rare Christian beauty and goodness. Though it may be said that the measure of her years was full, and that her days of active usefulness were over, the example of her meekness, gentleness, and patience; her orderly and dignified Christian deportment; her simple, full, and implicit trust in her Saviour, were to all who knew her a constant and shining illustration of the "beauty of holiness," an incentive to a better life here, stimulating and strengthening faith in the hope of "that better life" which is promised to the righteous. We deeply mourn her loss; but we feel that she has gone to her reward—that she is better there than here, for she was *ready for the harvest!* "The mouth of the righteous speaketh wisdom." H. O. F.

WINCHELL.—At the residence of Hon. T. L. Anderson, in Palmyra, Mo., at ten minutes past 11 o'clock P. M., Saturday, July 25, 1868, Mrs. Fanny Fly Winchell, in the seventy-fourth year of her age, relict of the late Col. Elias Winchell, formerly of West Springfield, Mass.

Peacefully as the autumnal sun sinks to rest beyond the western hills, so she has surrender back to our Heavenly Father her quiet spirit; so calmly did her mortal put on immortality. Hers was a rare exemplification of the triumphant victory and serene repose of the Christian. She sleeps in Jesus's arms. Her beautiful life, so full of love and meekness, so redolent of that charity that "vaunteth not itself, is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil"; so consistent in its daily walk and conversation; so pure, simple, and unaffected; so deeply sympathetic with human suffering, found fitting close to a death so quiet and serene that the point of time which marked her spirit's flight from its frail tenement of clay to its heavenly rest was scarcely discernible. In the merciful election of God she is called home to eternal joy, having fully experienced that blessed promise: "Thou shalt come to thy grave in a full age, like as a shock of corn cometh in his season."

Born March 31st, 1795, in West Springfield, Massachusetts, she was united in marriage to the late Col. Elias Winchell in 1814.

In 1827, husband, wife, and seven children left their beautiful New England home, and sought a residence in far-off Missouri, then upon the remote frontiers of civilization. Removing to Palmyra, Marion County, in 1835, the heads of the family there resided with their son-in-law, the Hon. Thos. L. Anderson, in whose hospitable mansion they found a cheerful welcome, until they rested from their labors. Col. Winchell died in September, 1856, while visiting a son in Boston. The wife and mother, though of much more fragile constitution, survived the husband and father nearly twelve years.

In the various relationships of life she met with unmurmuring patience her arduous responsibilities. Long a consistent member of the Presbyterian Church, she was faithful to the end in all things. Her trust in her Saviour was implicit and unfailing. Without demonstration or display, she carried the cardinal virtues into her daily life. Around her all felt the genial warmth of her sympathetic nature. She entered at once into the joys and sorrows of her relations and friends—rejoicing with those who rejoiced, and weeping with those that wept. Thus she lived, strewing her pathway with flowers fragrant with love. Thus she sleeps in death, honored and loved, and her memory deeply cherished by a large circle of relatives and friends.

"So fades a Summer-cloud away;
So sinks a gale when storms are o'er;
So gently shuts the eye of day;
So dies a wave along the shore.

"A holy quiet reigns around—
A calm which life nor death destroys:
Nothing disturbs that peace profound,
Which her unfettered soul enjoys.

"Farewell, conflicting hopes and fears,
Where lights and shades alternate dwell;
How bright the unchanging morn appears—
Farewell, inconstant world, farewell!" X.

FLETCHER.—At St. Louis, Mo., August 14th, of cholera infantum, Anna Wendell, aged 5 months and 9 days, daughter of Frank H. and Helen C. Fletcher, and granddaughter of Alfred Clapp.

WOODHULL.—On Friday, August 21st, at Mystic Bridge, Conn., in the second year of her age, Edith, daughter of Caleb S. and Fanny D. Woodhull, of Brooklyn, N. Y.

BACON.—At Hartford, Ct., on Wednesday, August 19th, Nancy L. Bacon, relict of the late George Bacon, of New York. Aged 75 years.

BUSINESS NOTICES.

WILLIMANTIC LINEN COMPANY,
MANUFACTURERS OF
Three Cord Silk Finish
AND
Six Cord Soft Finish
Spool Cotton.

The latter particularly adapted for Sewing Machines, as will be seen by the following certificate from the Wheeler & Wilson Sewing Machine Co.:

WHEELER & WILSON MFG. MACHINE CO.,
No. 625 BROADWAY,
New York, March 24, 1868.

We beg to call the attention of the public and our Agents to the NEW SIX CORD THREAD of the WILLIMANTIC LINEN CO., which we have thoroughly tested, and find superior to any other in the market.

Good Thread is essential to the successful working of Sewing Machines, and we have always encouraged its improvement. The WILLIMANTIC COMPANY has made especial efforts to satisfy us, and expended A MILLION OF DOLLARS in building and organizing a New Factory. Now, with improved machinery, it has achieved a success exceedingly gratifying to us; and furnishes a new Six Cord Thread which we commend to our Agents and all purchasers and users of Wheeler & Wilson and other Sewing Machines.

WHEELER & WILSON SEWING MACHINE CO.

Geo. S. Moulton & Co.,
Sole Agents in New York,
101 CHAMBERS ST.

CAUTION.

We call attention to the fact that IMITATION of our fine ELECTRO-PLATE, consisting of Dinner, Dessert, Tea Services, etc., are extensively produced by American manufacturers; also, that there are English imitations in market, both of inferior quality. These goods are offered for sale by many dealers, and are well calculated to deceive. Purchasers can only detect and avoid counterfeits by noting our trade-mark, thus:

TRADE MARK for ELECTRO-PLATE. STAMPED ON BASE OF EVERY ARTICLE.

Our goods, which can be obtained from all responsible dealers, bear this stamp. They are heavily plated on the finest Nickel Silver, *and we guarantee them in every respect superior to the best Sheffield plates.*

CORHAM MANUFACTURING CO.,
Silversmiths and Manufacturers of Fine Electro-Plate, Providence, R. I.

COMMUNION SERVICES.

In addition to our extensive assortment of Silver-Plated Ware for family use, we are making a specialty of the manufacture of Communion Ware, in great variety, and of chaste and appropriate designs. Liberal terms made with religious societies. Photographs, showing the various styles, will be sent by mail on application.

ADAMS, PRICE & CO.,
No. 20 John street, New York.

FINE ELECTRO-PLATED WARE.

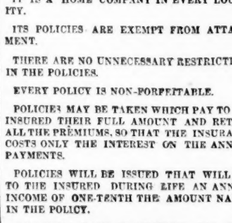
The organization of a Manufacturing Department on our premises enables us to produce the finest work, in great variety, at lower cost than ever before; and we wish our friends to enjoy the benefit. Communion Ware at a discount to Mission Churches.

LUCIUS HART M'F'G CO.,
4 and 6 Burling Slip, foot of John st., N. Y.

WARD'S SHIRTS

Printed directions for self-measurement, list of prices, and drawings of different styles of shirts and collars, sent free everywhere.

THE CASH CAN BE PAID TO EXPRESS COMPANY ON RECEIPT OF GOODS. Corner of Broadway and Union Square; also 387 Broadway.



THE NATIONAL LIFE Insurance Company
OF THE
UNITED STATES OF AMERICA,
WASHINGTON, D. C.
CAPITAL
$1,000,000.

Branch Office, PHILADELPHIA,
First National Bank Building.

BOARD OF DIRECTORS:

JAY COOKE, Banker, Philadelphia.
CLARENCE H. CLARK, Banker, Philadelphia.
F. RATCHFORD STARR, Pres. Enterprise Fire Ins. Co., Philadelphia.
J. HINCKLEY CLARK, Banker, Philadelphia.
GEORGE F. TYLER, Philadelphia.
WILLIAM MOORHEAD, Banker, Philadelphia.
HENRY D. COOKE, Banker, Washington.
E. A. ROLLINS, Commissioner Internal Revenue, Washington.
WM. E. CHANDLER, late Assistant Secretary of Treasury, Washington.
JOHN D. DEFREES, Public Printer, Washington.
EDWARD DODGE, Banker, New York.
H. C. FAHNESTOCK, Banker, New York.

OFFICERS:

CLARENCE H. CLARK, President.
HENRY D. COOKE, Vice-President.
JAY COOKE, Chairman of Finance and Executive Committee.
EMERSON W. PEET, Secretary and Actuary.
FRANCIS G. SMITH, M. D., Medical Director.

The advantages offered by this Company are:

IT IS A NATIONAL COMPANY, CHARTERED BY SPECIAL ACT OF CONGRESS, 1868.

A PAID-UP CAPITAL OF $1,000,000.

IT OFFERS LOW RATES OF PREMIUM.

IT FURNISHES LARGER INSURANCE THAN OTHER COMPANIES FOR THE SAME MONEY.

IT IS DEFINITE AND CERTAIN IN ITS TERMS.

IT IS A HOME COMPANY IN EVERY LOCALITY.

ITS POLICIES ARE EXEMPT FROM ATTACHMENT.

THERE ARE NO UNNECESSARY RESTRICTIONS IN THE POLICIES.

EVERY POLICY IS NON-FORFEITABLE.

POLICIES MAY BE TAKEN WHICH PAY TO THE INSURED THEIR FULL AMOUNT AND RETURN ALL THE PREMIUMS, SO THAT THE INSURANCE COSTS ONLY THE INTEREST ON THE ANNUAL PAYMENTS.

POLICIES WILL BE ISSUED THAT WILL PAY TO THE INSURED DURING LIFE AN ANNUAL INCOME OF ONE-TENTH THE AMOUNT NAMED IN THE POLICY.

NO EXTRA RATE IS CHARGED FOR RISKS UPON THE LIVES OF FEMALES.

IT INSURES NOT TO SECURE DIVIDENDS, BUT AT SO LOW A COST THAT DIVIDENDS WILL BE IMPOSSIBLE.

A LOCAL AGENT IS WANTED in every county, and applications from competent parties for such agencies, with suitable endorsements, should be addressed to the company's general agents only in their respective districts.

Circulars, pamphlets, and full particulars given on application at the office of the company in this city, at

No. 1 Nassau st.

Jay Cooke & Co.,
General Agents for New York State and Northern New Jersey.

Applications will be received for individual agencies in the city of New York.

MANAGERS:
J. U. ORVIS. D. C. WHITMAN.

Vermilye & Co.,
Bankers,
No. 44 Wall st., New York,

KEEP CONSTANTLY ON HAND FOR IMMEDIATE DELIVERY ALL ISSUES OF
UNITED STATES STOCKS.

WE GIVE SPECIAL ATTENTION TO
FUNDING
7-30 TREASURY LOANS.

ALL SERIES TAKEN IN EXCHANGE
FOR 5-20 BONDS.

Returns made to Correspondents without Delay, and on Favorable Terms.

HATCH, FOOTE & CO.,
Bankers and Dealers in Government Securities,
No. 12 WALL ST., N. Y.,

BUY, SELL, or EXCHANGE, and keep constantly on hand for delivery, all issues of U. S. Bonds.

GOLD COIN and COUPONS Bought and Sold at market rates.

Orders in Miscellaneous Stocks executed on Commission.

750 MILES
OF THE
Union Pacific
RAILROAD

are now finished and in active operation. Although this road is built with great rapidity, the work is thoroughly done, and is pronounced by the United States Commissioners to be first-class in every respect before it is accepted, and before any bonds can be issued upon it.

Rapidity and excellence of construction have been secured by a complete division of labor, and by distributing the twenty thousand men employed along the line for long distances at once. It is now probable that the

Whole Line to the PACIFIC will be Completed in 1869.

The Company have ample means: of which the Government grants the right of way, and all necessary timber and other materials found along the line of its operations; also 12,800 acres of land to the mile, taken in alternate sections on each side of the road; also United States Thirty-year Bonds, amounting to from $16,000 to $48,000 per mile, according to the difficulties to be surmounted on the various sections to be built, for which it takes a second mortgage as security—and it is expected that not only the interest but the principal amount may be paid in services rendered by the Company in transporting troops, mails, etc.

THE EARNINGS OF THE UNION PACIFIC RAILROAD, from its Way or Local Business only, during the year ending June 30th, 1868, amounted to over

Four Million Dollars,

which, after paying all expenses, was much more than sufficient to pay the interest upon its Bonds. These earnings are no indication of the vast through traffic that must follow the opening of the line to the Pacific, but they certainly prove that

FIRST MORTGAGE BONDS

upon such a property, costing nearly three times their amount,

ARE ENTIRELY SECURE.

The Union Pacific Bonds run thirty years, are for $1,000 each, and have coupons attached. They bear annual interest, payable on the first days of January and July, at the Company's office in the City of New York, at the rate of six per cent. in gold. The principle is payable in gold at maturity. The price is 102, and at the present rate of gold they pay a liberal income on their cost.

A very important consideration in determining the value of these bonds is *the length of time they have to run.*

It is well known that a long bond always commands a much higher price than a short one. It is safe to assume that during the next thirty years the rate of interest in the United States will decline as it has done in Europe; and we have a right to expect that such six per cent. securities as these will be held at as high a premium as those of this Government, which in 1857 were bought in at from 20 to 23 per cent. above par. The export demand alone may produce this result, and as the issue of a private corporation they are beyond the reach of political action.

The Company believe that their bonds, at the present rate, are the cheapest security in the market, and the right to advance the price at any time is reserved. Subscriptions will be received in New York,

AT THE
COMPANY'S OFFICE, 20 Nassau street;
BY
JOHN J. CISCO & SON, Bankers, No. 59 Wall street;
by LUNT, PRESTON & KEAN, Chicago, Illinois;
and by the Company's advertised agents throughout the United States.

Remittances should be made in drafts or other funds par in New York, and the bonds will be sent free of charge by return express. Parties subscribing through local agents will look to them for their safe delivery.

A PAMPHLET AND MAP FOR 1868 has just been published by the Company, giving fuller information than is possible in an advertisement respecting the Progress of the Work, the Resources of the Country traversed by the Road, the Means for Construction, and the Value of the Bonds, which will be sent free on application at the Company's office, or to any of the advertised Agents.

JOHN J. CISCO, Treasurer, N. Y.
August 12th, 1868.

FISK & HATCH,
BANKERS AND DEALERS IN GOVERNMENT SECURITIES,
No. 5 Nassau street, N. Y.

N. B.—All kinds of Government Securities received at the full market price in exchange for the above Bonds. Also,

☞ *All descriptions of Government Securities kept constantly on hand, and Bought, Sold, or Exchanged.*

☞ Gold Coin or U. S. Coupons bought, sold, and collected.

☞ *Deposits received on liberal terms, subject to check at sight.*

☞ Collections made throughout the country.

☞ Miscellaneous Stocks and Bonds bought and sold at the Stock Exchange, on commission, for cash.

☞ *Special attention given to the exchange of SEVEN-THIRTY NOTES of all the Series for the new FIVE TWENTY BONDS of 1865, on the most favorable terms.*

WALTER T. HATCH. NATHL. W. T. HATCH.

W. T. Hatch & Son,
Bankers and Dealers
IN
COVERNMENT SECURITIES,
No. 34 Wall Street, N. Y.,

BUY AND SELL AT MARKET RATES

U. S. 6 per cent. Bonds of 1881. Coupon and Registered.
U. S. Five-twenty 6 per cent. Bonds.
U. S. Ten-forty 5 per cent. Bonds.
U. S. Seven-thirty Treasury Notes.
U. S. One-year Certificates.
U. S. Compound Interest Notes.
And all classes of Government Issues.

ACCOUNTS OF BANKS, BANKERS, AND OTHERS RECEIVED ON FAVORABLE TERMS.

Interest Allowed on Deposits subject to Check.

ORDERS IN
GOLD, RAILWAY STOCKS, AND BONDS
Promptly Executed at the Stock and Gold Exchange.

John J. Cisco & Son,
BANKERS,
No. 59 Wall st., New York,
(Brown Brothers & Co.'s Building.)

RECEIVE MONEY ON DEPOSIT, IN GOLD, COIN, OR CURRENCY, and allow interest at the rate of four per cent. per annum on daily balances, subject to check at sight.

Issue Certificates of Deposit, bearing *four per cent.* interest, payable on demand.

Negotiate Loans.

Execute promptly orders for the purchase and sale of Gold.

Buy and Sell Government and other Securities on commission.

Make collections on all parts of the United States and Canada.

REMOVAL.

U. S. Trust Company
REMOVED TO
49 WALL STREET,
FIRST FLOOR.

Capital and Surplus - - - $2,000,000.

INTEREST ALLOWED ON DEPOSITS.

which may be made and withdrawn at any time, and will be entitled to interest for the whole time they may remain with the Company.

JOHN A. STEWART, President.
WILLIAM H. MACY, } Vice-Presidents.
JOHN J. CISCO, }

TRUSTEES.

PETER COOPER, H. B. CLAFLIN, ROYAL PHELPS, DANIEL S. MILLER, JAMES SUYDAM, THOMAS SLOCOMB, SHEPHERD KNAPP, JOHN J. PHELPS, R. P. WHITEWRIGHT, CHARLES E. BILL, WILLIAM TUCKER, WILSON G. HUNT, WILLIAM E. DODGE, EDWIN D. MORGAN, CLINTON GILBERT, JOHN JACOB ASTOR, JR., DANIEL D. LORD, EDWARD JONES, GEORGE T. ADEE, SAMUEL SLOAN, JAMES TOW, PETER GOELET, SAMUEL NELSON, ERASTUS CORNING, JAMES S. SEYMOUR, JOHN CASWELL.

WILLIAM DARROW, Secretary.

EXPOSITION UNIVERSELLE.
PARIS, 1867.
WHEELER & WILSON, No. 625 BROADWAY, N. Y.,
Awarded, over Eighty-two Competitors,
THE HIGHEST PREMIUM,
A GOLD MEDAL,
for the perfection of Sewing Machines and Button-hole Machines. The only Gold Medal for this branch of manufacture.

IRVING SAVINGS INSTITUTION
No. 96 WARREN ST.
Interest allowed at the rate of six per cent. on all sums entitled thereto. Open daily from 10 to 3 P. M.
WALTER W. CONCKLIN, President.
VANDERBILT L. BUNTON Secretary.

THE BITE OF SPIDERS AND
poisonous insects is robbed of pain and rendered harmless by the use of RUSSIA SALVE. It reduces all inflammation at once, and is recognized as the best cure for Flesh Wounds, Burns, Bruises, Boils, etc. FOR SALE BY DEALERS EVERYWHERE. Depot, 24 BEDDING & CO., Boston, Mass. SOLD EVERYWHERE. By mail 25 cents.

TRY GARDNER'S RHEUMATIC
AND NEURALGIA COMPOUND. For sale by F. C. WELLS & CO., 122 Fulton street, and DEMAS BARNES & CO., 21 Park Row, New York.

MANHATTAN CO-OPERATIVE RELIEF ASSOCIATION.
(OPEN MANHATTAN CO-OPERATIVE RELIEF ASSOCIATION.)
No. 22 BROOME ST., NEW YORK.

THE MANHATTAN CO-OPERATIVE RELIEF ASSOCIATION is chartered by the State of New York.

OBJECT.

The object of the Association is to secure a cash payment within forty days after the death of a member of as many dollars as there are members in the class to which he or she belongs, to his or her heirs.

MEMBERSHIP FEES.

The membership fees are six dollars at joining (for which a policy will be furnished), and one dollar and ten cents on the first of each member, of which due notice will be given. One dollar from each member goes to the widow or heirs of the deceased member, and the ten cents for expenses of collecting.

INVESTMENTS.

The by-laws of the Association require that one-third of the money received as new membership fees shall be made a sinking fund to meet payments falling due by the delinquencies of members. The Fund is held by the

National Trust Co.,

and will be invested in United States bonds, or real estate, or bond and mortgage upon New York City property, which property shall be double the value of the money so loaned.

THE FUNDS.

The remaining two-thirds, after paying the expenses of the Association, shall be invested in real estate in the City of New York, or in bond and mortgage on property in the City of New York, the interest of which shall go to pay the current expenses of the Association. If a deceased member leaves no heirs, the money becomes the property of the Association, with the provision that the expenses of burial shall be paid out of such funds; said expenses, however, not to exceed one hundred dollars.

A member fails to pay his fee of one dollar and ten cents within thirty days from date of notice forfeits all claims upon the Association, and also forfeits all money previously paid. In the Pacific States this time is extended to sixty days. A member having no permanent residence must notify the secretary, and appoint a representative to pay his fees.

When members move, they can send ten dollars and fifty cents to the treasurer to prepay their fees, which sum will pay for 10 deaths, thus saving the trouble of sending $1 10 each time, besides a saving of 50 cents. No man is so poor as he cannot pay six dollars now and $1 10 occasionally, thus securing $5,000 to his heirs. The average number of dollars each person will have to pay to secure $5,000 will be $50 per year, a little over 50 cents per week. It makes this mode of insurance cost about one-sixth what they would have to pay any regular insurance company for a $5,000 policy.

This company is divided into ten classes for men and ten classes for women. As soon as these classes are filled, ten new ones will be adopted. Men and women are not allowed in the same classes. Everything is done to make each class equal.

CLASSES.

In class A all persons between the ages of 15 and 20 yrs.
In class B all persons between the ages of 20 and 25 yrs.
In class C all persons between the ages of 25 and 30 yrs.
In class D all persons between the ages of 30 and 35 yrs.
In class E all persons between the ages of 35 and 40 yrs.
In class F all persons between the ages of 40 and 45 yrs.
In class G all persons between the ages of 45 and 50 yrs.
In class H all persons between the ages of 50 and 55 yrs.
In class I all persons between the ages of 55 and 60 yrs.
In class K all persons between the ages of 60 and 65 yrs.

The classes for women are the same as above. Any one that is found to lye his or her age wrong will be expelled, and the moneys paid forfeited to the Association. Each class is limited to 5,000 members. Each person pays six dollars upon becoming a member, and one dollar and ten cents each time a member dies belonging to the same class he or she may be a member of.

A member of one class cannot be assessed this dollar if a member of another class dies. Each class is independent, having no connection with any other.

ILLUSTRATION.

Class "A" has 5,000 male members. A man dies. The Association pays over within forty days $5,000 to the widow or heirs, and the remaining members forward within 30 days one dollar and ten cents each to the Association to reimburse it. Failing to send this sum, they forfeit to the Association all moneys paid, and the Association supplies a new member to fill the place of the retiring one.

ADVANTAGES.

The advantages of this Association over ordinary Life Insurance Companies are: no panics can break it; the fees are so small, and required to be paid at such long intervals, that any man can secure to his family a competency upon his death.

HOW TO BECOME MEMBERS.

Any one desiring to become a member must send $6 in check, bank draft, postal order, or by express, the expressage being paid by the applicant. Under no circumstances will the Association be responsible for money sent but in this way. Agents are not allowed to receive moneys, but must ask for checks, etc., etc. Persons paying an agent otherwise than by check do it at their own risk. All checks, etc., must be payable to the order of W. S. CARMAN, Treasurer. Accompanying the money must be a paper giving the applicant's full name, age, birthplace, present occupation, who the policy is in favor of, post-office address, town, county, state. ALSO A MEDICAL CERTIFICATE, setting forth the physical condition, and whether, in the opinion of the doctor examining, the applicant is a proper person to be insured. Blank forms of application for membership will be sent upon application.

Agents are not allowed to receive money but in the form of a check, draft, or postal order, made payable to the order of W. S. CARMAN, Treasurer.

Each member ought to try to make new members; by so doing he benefits himself. No letter will be noticed that does not contain a three-cent postage-stamp to prepay return postage.

All communications should be addressed

Manhattan Co-operative Relief Association,
22 BROOME STREET, New York.

TRUSTEES:

F. MCMURDY,
F. T. WRIGHT, Pres't Star Metal Co.,
W. S. CARMAN, Pres't Stuyvesant Bank,
H. W. FORD, Cashier Bank of the Republic,
L. W. MURRAY.

OFFICERS:

F. MCMURDY, President.
ELSON T. WRIGHT, Vice-President.
W. S. CARMAN, Treasurer & Cor. Sec.
LEWIS SANDERS, Secretary.
JOHN A. ROBINSON, M.D., } Examining
ALEX. R. GRAY, M.D., } Physicians.

Messrs. Latham, Emery & Co., 72 Cedar st., New York City, General Agents for New York, Pennsylvania, Maryland, and District of Columbia.

N. B.—Parties paying agents in money do so at their own risk. The Association will not be responsible for money so paid.

A General Agent wanted for each state and territory. General Agents will be required to give the best of references and $50,000 bonds.

Agents wanted in every town in the United States and Canadas.

A physician will be in attendance at the office of the Company—also at the office of each General Agent—to examine applicants.

THE VERY HIGHEST PRIZE.

THE CROSS OF THE LEGION OF HONOR IMPERIAL

WAS CONFERRED ON THE REPRESENTATIVE OF THE

Grover & Baker SEWING MACHINES,
AT THE
Exposition Universelle,
PARIS, 1867.

Salesrooms at 495 Broadway, New York, and in all the principal cities of the world

Patent Office.

Inventors who wish to take out Letters Patent are advised to counsel with

MUNN & Co.,
37 Park Row, N. Y.,
PROPRIETORS OF THE
SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN,

who have prosecuted claims before the Patent Office for over Twenty Years.

Their AMERICAN AND EUROPEAN PATENT AGENCY is the most extensive in the world. Charges less than any other reliable agency. A Pamphlet, containing full instructions how to obtain Patents, is sent gratis.

☞ A handsome Bound Volume, containing 150 Mechanical Engravings, and the United States Census by Counties, with Hints and Receipts for Mechanics, mailed on receipt of 25 cents. The SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN is the best and cheapest Weekly Illustrated Newspaper devoted to Science, Art, and Mechanics, published in the world. Three dollars a year. Specimens gratis. Address

MUNN & CO., 37 Park Row, New York.

Kennedy's Salt Rheum Ointment.

The only ointment for the cure of all eruptions and cutaneous affections. It is wholly

A VEGETABLE COMPOUND.

It will cure Salt Rheum, Erysipelas, Scald Head, Piles, Felons, Ulcers, Sore Eyes, Chilblains, Shingles, Boils, Cuts, Wounds, Blisters, Ringworms, Pimples, Burns, Chapped Hands, Scalds.

Price 50 cts. per bottle.
SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

A GOOD MEDICINE IS A GREAT
blessing. DR. MOTT'S VEGETABLE LIVER PILLS are well deserving the widespread reputation they have attained. They are composed of vegetable extracts, and may be relied upon as being all that they are recommended to be by the proprietors. We take pleasure in attesting to their merits. Being used so extensively, it is hardly necessary for us to say anything in their praise.

ENOUGH IS AS GOOD AS A
FEAST—one bottle of DR. W. HOLLAND'S HUMOR DOCTOR will cure any ordinary affection of the blood, and six bottles will cure the worst cases. (Scrofula. Put up in large bottles and sold by all druggists.

MANY THINGS HAVE BEEN RE-
SORTED to in vain for beautifying the mouth and rendering the breath sweet, while TOWNSLEY'S INDIAN TOOTHACHE AMOUNTS never fails.

WHEATON'S OINTMENT will cure the Itch.
WHEATON'S OINTMENT will cure Salt Rheum.
WHEATON'S OINTMENT cures Old Sores.
WHEATON'S OINTMENT cures all diseases of the Skin.
Price 50 cents; by mail 60 cents. All druggists sell it.
WEEKS & POTTER, Boston, Proprietors.

Novelties in Sterling Silver Ware.

DINNER AND TEA SERVICES,
FRUIT AND FLOWER STANDS, ICE CREAM AND BERRY BOWLS,
WINE COOLERS AND DESSERT SETS,
OF UNIQUE AND ELEGANT DESIGNS.

A most
Complete Stock of the Gorham Plate,

embracing all their choicest patterns, many of which have been specially made to meet the taste of our patrons.

STARR & MARCUS,
No. 22 John street, (Up-stairs).

TIFFANY & CO.,
GOLD AND SILVERSMITHS,
Nos. 550 and 552 Broadway,

invite particular attention to their large and varied stock of

Silver-Ware,
comprising
DINNER AND DESSERT SERVICES, TEA-SETS, PRESENTATION PIECES, PRIZES,
and many smaller articles particularly appropriate for
WEDDING GIFTS, ETC., ETC.

TIFFANY & CO. claim for their ware superiority in quality, style, and finish to that made by any house in this country. Samples taken from their general stock, and lately exhibited in Paris, obtained for them the only award ever made by a foreign nation to American manufacturers of Silver ware.

Designs and estimates furnished upon application, and sent to any part of the United States.

HOW A DECLINE IS PRODUCED

Pure blood makes us well; bad blood makes us sick. Vapors from poorly-digested food in the blood are condensed upon the various organs, and serve to make them grow or repair their waste. Organs made with a greater or lesser proportion of such materials cannot be sound. If the bad condition of blood continues but for a few days or weeks, the body will be out of sorts; and, if it continues, the whole of the body will in time be renewed with imperfect blood, and the health bad. It is in a decline—popularly called a consumption.

Now Brandreth's Pills penetrate the whole mass of blood, causing the expulsion of impurities. The body feels relieved from a single dose; what then may be expected from twenty? By continuing their use the whole of the blood in time becomes purified, and the body reconstructed from good material, the decline stopped, and a new lease of life secured. Principal office, Brandreth House, New York. Sold by all druggists.

FOR MEN'S, BOYS', AND CHILDREN'S
CLOTHING
GO TO
Traphagen, Hunter & Co.,
398, 400, AND 402 BOWERY, N. Y.
Prices

The Independent.

"MY FOLLOWER."

BY ALICE ROBBINS.

PERHAPS I am too humble to come before the world in this fashion; but even humble people have their cares and sorrows, their prejudices and passions, that must find vent in language sometimes. I am afraid that people who are in better circumstances do not always consider that we poorer folks, left to do battle with the world, and with strong temptations too fearful to be told, are of the same flesh and blood with themselves.

I am among that large category denominated as "living out," and not bad looking. Indeed, my friends (all humble as myself) and my glass tell me that I am good looking. I have fortunately had a plain education—and only that; so that I hope due allowance may be made for anything I say that may not sound quite correct to the ears of fastidious people. I have but one thing to trouble me in the world—and that is a follower. That I tried at first to rid myself of my follower I bravely assert; for I knew that he would interfere with my chances of getting a living. I could not do it; he would follow me.

My follower's name is James. He is a bricklayer, earning fair wages; is a member in good standing of a Christian church; has very much the air of a gentleman in his Sunday-clothes; and, in my eyes at least, is handsome. We are extremely attached to each other, much as I am worried on his account; and have concluded, as soon as we have laid by money enough to furnish a small place neatly, to be married. But alas! that "enough" means a sum that will take two years yet to grow into the dimensions that we need; and in the meantime I am called to pass through the waters of tribulation on account of my follower.

"Didn't I see a young man come home with you last night?" asked Miss Prudence Pitman, one morning, when I had been in her service a month. Now, I liked Miss Prudence. She paid me fair wages, praised me when I did well, gave me time enough to keep my dresses and my soul in order, told me frankly whenever she considered that I had departed from her instructions, and allowed me to wear a new bonnet without looking black at me for a week. I stood meekly convicted before her, feeling as guilty, I am sure, as if I had stolen all her silver spoons; for James had never presumed to see me home from meeting before, and during the whole walk of eight blocks had only ventured to say, once, that it was a pleasant evening.

"I thought you told me you had no followers," said Miss Patience, in a stern voice, upon my conscious affirmative.

"I haven't had, ma'am, till to-night," I stammered. "When he asked to see me home, I—I—"

"You rather liked it, I suppose," was her grim reply. "Well, Bessie, I've prized you very much. I did hope the Lord had sent me a servant who would be faithful to my interests."

"And so I am," was my answer.

"You have a follower. I cannot and will not encourage such doings. Either you must give him up, or I must give you up. Now he's begun, he'll not stop. I know them. He'll be here of nights, and hanging round daytimes, and distracting your attention. I'm very decided upon that point, Bessie. I would be with my own sister. No followers is my rule, and has been for years."

"I don't think anything particularly of him, now," I ventured; "and perhaps he'll never do so again." I had so good a place, I was unwilling to give it up.

"Very well, Bessie, it depends upon you," was the quiet reply; and I stole off to my room like a guilty creature.

I suppose, if things had gone on as usual, I should not have thought much of the matter, setting aside the natural pleasure I felt at having attracted a fine-looking young man. But, as it was, I kept thinking it over; I couldn't get him out of my mind. I recalled every look, every glance. He had "a gift" in prayer; and I found myself remembering his earnest words and attitude of fervent supplication, and for the first time the thought of his grave blue eyes sent a thrill through me. Miss Patience said nothing more about it; but I noticed she watched me anxiously the next time I got ready for evening meeting, and I am certain my whole face burnt like fire. But then I had made up my mind. That night James seemed more eloquent than ever. The steady, even tones of his voice stilled and soothed me; for I had been exceedingly nervous all day, and I felt a sweet assurance that if this good man loved me I was blessed for life. And, as I went out slowly, waiting till the last, and saw, though seeming not to see, that he stood by the door, modestly waiting, my heart throbbed as it had never throbbed before. And yet, when I thought of my good place, where I was treated so little like a servant, I did tremble rather when he seemed to look as if he had a right to see me home. In this walk my follower progressed so far as to say a word or two about the meeting; but I was quaking within me for fear of Miss Patience, who I knew would be watching for me.

"Would you—would you kindly let me go alone from here?" I asked, at a corner not far from the house.

"Certainly," he said, after a brief silence. "I can stand here, and see you safe there."

This was rather ridiculous, but it pleased me—a poor lonely girl, an orphan, without any near relatives—to be cared for so tenderly.

"So you had no follower to-night?" said Miss Patience, as she met me in the hall, smiling kindly.

The temptation was very strong for me to say "No"; only the homeless and friendless can understand how strong. I had hoped I should not meet her; that, seeing me come to the door alone, she would say nothing more about the matter. But it was not to be so.

"Why, how queer you look, child! Why don't you speak? Can it be possible that you wish to deceive me?"

"No, I do not, Miss Patience," I replied, with vehemence. "He *did* come, as far as the corner. I would not let him come to the door."

"I'm very sorry," she said, growing quite rigid. "I wanted to keep you."

That was as good as a warning. But now I could not give up James. His goodness and tenderness had won my whole heart; and it was so sweet to think that somebody loved me. I could bear almost any trial with the remembrance of that glance from his steady eye—that touch of his hand, hard and brown as it was, when he laid mine within his arm. So I left Miss Patience, who, by her looks, had given me over to that destruction I was so madly bent on seeking. Not long after, I heard that she had been cruelly deceived, poor lady, and forgave her with my whole heart.

While seeking another place, I staid with a poor cousin, for whom I sewed, to make up my board. She had a little, pinched, blue baby, who died in my arms—poor little sufferer; and then I saw that God had sent me to be the mother's comforter. My follower came there once or twice, and my poor cousin, who was the wife of an intemperate man, besought me not to marry. The best men were deceivers, she said. Look at her Tom, industrious and sober before marriage—look at her loveless life, and take warning. I did not taunt her with knowing that Tom did like the wine-cup before marriage, and that he was fonder of pleasure than of labor; it would have done no good. I went steadily on to find a place. Often and often the question was asked, "What did you leave your last situation for?" And I was obliged to answer—for the truth had been ground into me—"I have a follower, ma'am."

"O, then you won't do—no, indeed, you won't do at *all*. I want a young woman who will mind her work, and give her whole time to me." In vain I promised that it should not interfere; it was enough that I had a follower. One severe old lady gave me a lecture, as if she considered me already among the lost, and quoted I don't know how many Bible verses to prove I was one of the wickedest of creatures. The tears came—tears of wounded pride and injured feeling; but, in the midst of all, the gentle blue eyes of "my follower" seemed to be looking with their tender strength into mine, and a sweet peace stole over me. At last I met with a beautiful young creature, who looked as if she had never had a care or felt a sorrow. She wanted a nurse for two little children, and asked no questions.

"I like your appearance," she said. "You look as if you loved babies."

"I do, with all my heart," I answered.

"Well, I'm going to engage you on the strength of your pretty face," she said, laughing. "I suppose mother will scold me," she added, turning to a friend; "but I don't care. I shall trust my own judgment, for once."

I wanted to say, "Madam, I have a follower." But the words died on my lips when I looked in her laughing eyes, and thought of the poor house of my cousin; so I kept my counsel. I went to my new place. The old lady, mother of my mistress, seemed prepared to dislike me; but, I won the children, and was faithful in all my duties. One day, when I sat in a room adjoining the sitting-room, I overheard the old lady say:

"Annie, this girl has deceived you."

"Pray, how, mother?" was the answer.

"A man, a low sort of fellow, has come home with her two or three times; and they had the impudence to stand on the steps and talk."

How my blood boiled! My James—the good, Christian gentleman, for so he was—to be called a low fellow! Indignant tears rushed to my eyes, as I waited for the answer.

"Well, mother, if I'm deceived in her, I'll never have faith in anybody again." She called me.

"Did you—do you have a young man come here, Bessie?" she asked.

"I am acquainted with a young man, madam, to whom some time I expect to be married; but he is not"—I faced her mother—"a low sort of fellow. You would say so yourself, I think, if you saw him."

"Why didn't you tell me when I engaged you?" asked my mistress, while her mother, with blazing eyes, called me an impertinent huzzy.

"I did want to, madam," I said. "I tried to, that moment; for I love to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, as I was brought up to do. But, oh! I did so dread," I added, choking, "that you would say No, as others did; and I was so tired of looking for a place so sick of wanting a home!" and I broke down.

"Never mind, Bessie," she said, sweetly. "Mother, don't speak now, if you please, dear; we shan't quarrel, Bessie. I don't know why you shouldn't keep company with some steady young man, as well as others. Don't cry, Bessie," and there were tears in her own beautiful eyes. "I shan't send you away, child, so long as you are truthful and honest, and the babies love you. And, for my part," she was kind enough to add, "I hope you will stay by me till you are married; and, if you are a good girl, I'll give you some pretty things to go to housekeeping with."

And I'm very happy with her, God bless her, barring a few unpleasant things. Her mother is cross and disagreeable, and don't like me, I can plainly see; but I can bear it all—aye, and much more—as long as *she* and the blessed children love me. James says that, if some little business speculations of his prove fortunate, it may be only a few months before we have a snug little home of our own. And then—why of course, I shall no longer be tormented by a follower.

THE TONGUES OF WOMEN.

BY LIZZIE M. BOYNTON.

"How seldom we do our best. Since my return from the party, I have been dissatisfied with society in general and myself in particular. I envy you your rare power of adaptation to circumstances."

"While I am this moment repenting the use of said power. I am convinced that we do a great wrong to society and ourselves by thus adapting ourselves to circumstances, especially the circumstances of conversation. We do not lower our musical standard because some of our friends have not attained the same nicety of touch; at our Shakesperean readings we do not lower our standard of expression to accommodate some unappreciative reader; and why, I ask, should we constantly lower the standard of conversation to meet the gossiping tendencies of the uneducated? Admitting that we require the magnet of cultivated people to attract the loadstone of our own wit and wisdom, yet can we not assist the latent powers of those by whom we are surrounded, by elevating conversation, to our own standard, even though it be very slightly advanced? Pardon me, friend Claude, but I have been wondering why you are so much more interesting to your girl friends than you are to your friends masculine. Why is it?"

"To be honest, Mary, I have too much tact to talk sensibly to the young gentlemen of my acquaintance. I have discovered that they do not enjoy it. I know you think me weak; but I am not independent enough to live in advance of my friends. And look at the real index of public opinion—the press. There are a few noble exceptions; but how many of our papers contain slighting, insulting paragraphs in regard to the women who have accomplished the most good. Last week the *Cincinnati Gazette* copied an article from the *London Times*, in which the writer stated that 'he would not have women intellectual at the expense of a line of beauty.' I fear I have not courage to face the tide."

"Ah! it is the old story of prejudice and popular opinion. For my part, the opinion of a *nation*, uneducated, has not the weight of one gifted, humanity-loving soul."

Here we leave our fair conversationalists, and would address a ourselves to any girl friends who are in any manner endeavoring to advance womanhood and humanity. Alger's assertion that conversation and letter-writing are becoming lost arts startles us. We have letter-writers and conversationalists in the chrysalis; let us give them the sunshine of appreciation, and they will assume a beautiful, winged life.

We write ourselves "at home" in a village styled by one of your Eastern judges the "Athens of the West." Two literary societies assert the tastes of our young men; and a reading club, well sustained, intimates some culture among the maidens. With all the elements of an elevating society, our "sociables" are not satisfactory. Sentimental couples loiter on the moonlighted porches; embarrassed couples linger over the "albums"; practical couples secure a situation near the refreshment rooms; while the sensible couples resort to small-talk, and go home dissatisfied and and annoyed. What is the trouble? We fear that it is a weak fear of being called literary and blue-stockingish.

Young ladies, you have a beautiful work to do. Do it with your might. When a friend creates a beautiful thought and gives it expression, endorse it by an *appreciative attention*. When you think a good thought yourself, be brave enough to speak it. We may not write. If we could, we might not find a publisher. But we can talk, and let us learn to talk well. Amid the excitements of this peculiar campaign, let us with womanly voices speak for the right, and re-echo a recent INDEPENDENT editorial, striking the key-note of conversation as well as that of the campaign, high and distinctly, lowering not the standard either to secure the favor of conservative politicians or conversationalists.

Talk well, and devote the result to your country and God. Sow the true thought-seed, and you shall gather blossoms of beauty and love.

WESTERN CORRESPONDENCE.

CHICAGO, August 19th, 1868.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE INDEPENDENT:

WE have had the session of the American Scientific Congress. The Chicago people are delighted with it; not because we have any very great amount of scientific enthusiasm among our people generally, but because it was a success. Nothing pleases Western people but a success; and every success, whether saengerfest, or scientific association, or trotting-horse, or actress, or ballet-girl, or lake tunnel—everything that is a success is welcome and popular with us. True, we have our Academy of Science, and a body of thoroughly earnest devotees of science; but the people generally patronized the savans, as they did the Japanese, because they were a success. Ladies who had probably never read a scientific book in their lives, men who did not know a geode from a trilobite, looked and listened learnedly while treatises, exhaustive and exhausting, on tertiary fossils, were being read. Chemists described the "types" of modern chemistry with those enigmatical formulas of capital letters, which everybody affected to understand; for, as we were all musical critics when the Germans sung, so now we were all scientific enthusiasts while the association lasted.

Nearly everybody was pleased with the meeting. It was quite interesting throughout, and generally appreciated. The great central point of interest, of course, was the antiquity of man. Strange how keen the interest is when a theological question is even remotely involved! This correspondent cannot see the great theological importance of the question at all; but then most people do see such a bearing, and our failure is our fault. This was a question that everybody could understand, and about which everybody had an opinion, or at least a feeling. But, after all the argument and discussion, after the strongest possible case had been made for the affirmative, the opinion of the association was evidently against the advocates of the hypothesis. I mean that it was negatively so. If there had been a verdict, it would have been the old Scotch one—Not proven.

The hospitality extended to the meeting was unbounded. Even the railroads came down handsomely; and every scientific man, his wife and daughter, were passed free to any point of interest they chose to visit. There was no end to entertainments and excursions. There was one very unscientific aspect of this hospitality, that I had rather not mention; but even a "Penholder" has duties to the public. There was much wine-drinking. Christian citizens who were at entertainments and on the excursions were very much shocked to see what goblets of wine it took to keep some "scientific specimens" in a state of preservation. I am not a hobbyist in this matter of teetotalism; but convivial drinking, and that to excess, does not seem essential to the character of the savan. The Saengerfest drank beer; but then they were Germans, and nobody thought of imitating them. But we have fair-browed young men—hardly men yet—in all our institutions around Chicago, whose pulses beat with scientific enthusiasm, and who look up to learned professors of these mysteries as to Nature's own priests. Is it right to say to these boys, by such examples, that the ability to drink wine out of dinner-table goblets is a fitting accomplishment for a naturalist or a chemist? Aye, and for a lady too? But then Chicago furnished the wine. And, if some day her brilliant young men die of "sun-stroke," or "apoplexy," or "heart-disease," of course, the Academy of Science will pass resolutions bewailing this "mysterious providence."

This and next month are the months of the great Sunday-school campaigns in the West. The harvests are gathered, and then come the conventions. These conventions are almost wholly union conventions; they have no connection with any other organizations, either denominational or union. As I said in my last, Mr. Reynolds is holding two conventions a week in Egypt; Mr. Gillett attends about an equal number in Central Illinois; Mr. Tyng is also indefatigable in his labors in these conventions; and Mr. Moody reaches even into adjoining states with his earnest labor. In Iowa there is the same enthusiasm. Mr. Wilder, who is still detained among us, is, as heretofore, giving himself heartily to the work. There is no one evangelizing agency in the West that is producing so great a quickening of zeal as this, in proportion to the amount of work expended. This year two eminent lady teachers have been employed to give model lessons in the Illinois conventions.

The Congregational church at Lansing, Mich., have called Rev. Stewart Sheldon, of Leroy, N. Y. The out-door preaching movement spreads constantly. We hear of it now in the Saginaw Valley. It is generally most efficient when conducted by earnest laymen, though the pastors often take part.

The Baptists have finished a handsome church in Janesville, Wis., at a cost of about $40,000. A beautiful N. S. Presbyterian church has just been completed at Cedar Rapids, Ia. It is surmounted by a cross. Perhaps the day is coming when our Protestant churches will not be so afraid of symbolism as to make it necessary to state that a cross stands over a new church. A Methodist church is in process of erection at Muscatine Island Iowa. The German Baptists of Cisco, St. Clair County, Mich. are trying to build a church.

The Illinois State Teachers' Institute, which lasted two weeks, was quite successful. Two hundred and forty teachers were in attendance. The State Teachers' Convention in Wisconsin passed resolutions in favor of the establishment of a school for imbeciles. Prof. Little, of the Institute for the Blind, is the earnest advocate for this measure; and we sincerely hope that the next Wisconsin legislature will have humanity enough to make the most enlightened provision for such an institution. Let them not do as Illinois has—begin with an "experimental school"—as though the education of idiots were yet an experiment.

The Social Science Association for the West will probably be called to meet in this city, at some time in November. Nowhere in the land is there so much need for earnest discussion of the grave subjects pertaining to what is called social science as here.

Rev. Alex. Burns has entered on his duties as president of the Simpson Centenary College, at Indianola, Iwa.

We are glad to hear that Prof. Daniel Putnam, of Kalamazoo, has been appointed to a chair in the Michigan Normal School.

ENHOLDER.

Book Talk.

ALEXANDER CAMPBELL.*

THE name of Alexander Campbell is inseparably identified with one of the great religious movements of modern times. Whatever conflicting schools of theology may think of the so-called Campbellite reformation, it is certain that it has exerted an important influence, not only directly as a denominational movement, but indirectly upon other and even hostile organizations. Esteeming its fundamental principles more plausible than sound; clearly of the opinion that no sect more directly contravenes them than does that which acknowledges him as its founder; recognizing the indubitable fact that he failed in the avowed object of his life—the abolition of sectarianism—and, instead, succeeded only in founding a new sect, as persistent in its adherence to its unwritten creed as any of its cotemporaries to their more formal confessions, we nevertheless gladly recognize him as an instrument in the hand of God in the promotion of that great religious revolution which has compelled the modern church to award its creed a second place, and to return to the original and divine test of Christian character—practical godliness in daily life. The biography of the founder of any great religious sect is full of interest. That of Alexander Campbell is something more even than that.

Alexander Campbell was born in Antrim County, Ireland, on the 12th of September, 1788. His father was a clergyman of the Seceder Church, and, though constitutionally averse to polemics, did on the whole full justice to the severe theology and strict principles of his sect. There was little in the son's early education to develop his later liberal tendencies, though much to make his conscience strong, rugged, and manly; much, too, to cultivate a strong love for the Holy Scriptures. He was as yet not quite nineteen years of age when his father, whose health had suffered from a too intense application, and from the double cares of a school and parish, left his family in Alexander's charge, and started forth to try his fortunes in the comparative wilds of the then almost unknown America. A year and a half later the son started, with the mother and younger children in his charge, to follow him; but, turned back by shipwreck, suffered his original plan to remain in abeyance, while for nearly a year he remained at Glasgow pursuing his studies. It was a time of great theological commotion. The tide of religious excitement, which had culminated in the labors of Wesley and Whitefield half a century before, had ebbed again. Religion had once more degenerated into a dead theology. Orthodoxy was a virtue in far higher esteem than charity. The Presbyterian Church was split into schools, that fought each other with all the bitterness that had characterized the conflicts between the Papacy and Protestantism. A stone-mason, for contracting to build an Episcopal church in Glasgow, was disciplined. A minister notoriously profane received ordination. To swear by the shibboleth of a creed was considered more important than to practice temperance, justice, and love. Robert Haldane, consecrating all his fortune to Christ in the work of his church, offered to sustain an independent mission in India; but could neither obtain the permission of the East India Company nor the endorsement of the Church. Building a tabernacle in Glasgow, he began systematic lay preaching and tract distribution, with his brother James. Out of these efforts sprang, in 1797, the first religious tract society. Only a little before, the first Sabbath-school had been founded. In the midst of these movements the earnest soul of Chalmers received the training which made him at once one of the most evangelical and the most catholic of men. By this band of self-ordained ministers the Scriptures and the Spirit were alone exalted; forms, methods, and creeds were compelled to take a subordinate place. Surrounded by such influences, and by the native earnestness of his character, quick to receive them, Alexander Campbell imbibed during his year at Glasgow a spirit of religious freedom that molded his whole life. Meanwhile his father felt the influence of the freer atmosphere of America. Called on to administer the Lord's Supper in a destitute district of Pennsylvania, he was guilty of the heinous offense of inviting brethren of other Presbyterian churches to sit at the same table. For this crime he was tried and censured. His Irish blood more and more revolted at the ecclesiastical trammels which were then immeasurably more stringent than now. Thus, when Alexander, fearing to meet the opposition of his father, yet thoroughly imbued with the spirit of religious independency, landed on these shores, he found his father ready to welcome his change of views and feelings. Together they lamented the schism that rent the Church of Christ, and the spirit of party that usurped the place of Christian love. Together they studied how party walls might be broken down and the Church of Christ fused into one. Together they resolved on their platform. The Word of God, without note or comment. Creeds they did not at first condemn, except as conditions of Christian communion. Logical systems they did not repudiate, save as they were proposed as the laws of the Church. At first, maintaining their Presbyterian connection, they sought to induce the Presbyterian churches to accept their principle—"Where the Scriptures speak, we speak; where the Scriptures are silent, we are silent." Gradually, and almost despite themselves, a new party grew up around this watchword. Presbyterian by education, they became Congregational in principle. Pedo-Baptist by predilection, they became Immersionists from convictions of conscience. Because the Scriptures do not directly command infant baptism, they felt themselves forced to reject it. And, drifting away from the catholicity of their original platform, that suffered no other terms of communion than such as are laid down in explicit terms in the New Testament, they became, at last, Close-communion Baptists, organizing a church which could not invite to its communion any one of the eleven who sat down with Jesus at the original Supper, since there is no evidence that any one of them ever received Christian baptism.

So far the volume before us carries us in the life of Alexander Campbell. For the second volume, with its narration of the gradual formation of the denomination and the energizing and executive forces which its founder set in motion, we shall look with interest. Mr. Richardson has told his story simply and well. His book will probably always be a standard life of Alexander Campbell for his own denomination. And, if he had drawn his pen through his not always interesting descriptions of natural scenery, and his occasionally too prolix philosophizing, and reduced the two volumes to one, his work would have been an acceptable as well as valuable contribution to all who are interested in tracing the growth of that spirit of sectarianism which to-day disciplines George H. Stuart for singing hymns, and the development of that spirit of Christian love which unites not only all Presbyterians in a Pan-Presbyterian Convention, but Christians of all denominations in Christian conventions for mutual conference, council, and co-operation.

* MEMOIRS OF ALEXANDER CAMPBELL, embracing a view of the Origin, Progress, and Principles of the Religious Reformation which he Advocated. By ROBERT RICHARDSON. Vol. I. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

THE HISTORY OF A MOUTHFUL OF BREAD, and its Effect on the Organization of Men and Animals. By JEAN MACÉ. Translated from the eighth French edition, by MRS. ALFRED GATTY. Reprinted from the above, carefully revised and compared with the seventeenth French edition. New York: Harper & Brothers.

THE SERVANTS OF THE STOMACH. By JEAN MACÉ. Reprinted from the London translation, revised and corrected. The same.

No one but a Frenchman could have devised these books; certainly no one but a Frenchman could have executed them.

Jean Macé is favorably known to the little ones as the writer of some of their most favorite fairy tales. In these two volumes he has undertaken to narrate, not merely in the language of childhood, but in forms of fancy that take hold of the child's imagination, some of those more than fairy transformations that are continually going on in the human frame. Thus the body is a first-class house; the mouth is the front door; the palate is the porter, that determines who may come in, who must stay out, and from whose carelessness the master of the house sometimes suffers dreadfully; the teeth are the servants of the ante-chamber, that make the toilettes for all the guests and render them presentable; the tongue is the porter's broom, that keeps the entrance always clean. This glance at the opening chapters of the first volume suffices to indicate the author's method. The charm of his colloquial style, and the genuine spirit of reverential gratitude to the God who framed this wondrous mechanism, could be adequately indicated only by transcribing a chapter.

That the work which Jean Macé has undertaken needs sadly to be done is beyond all question. Among the fundamental subjects demanding our first thought Ruskin places "What are we?" The Greeks did the same in their famous aphorism, "Know thyself." It is as important in a religious as in a secular point of view. If the undevout astronomer is mad, much more the undevout physiologist. No work of God is more wondrous than the human frame, and none is less comprehended. Dr. Bell, by his admirable little treatise on the Hand, admirably demonstrated the divine wisdom. It is a wonder to us how men can doubt the goodness of God, that so carry the evidence in their persons; scarcely less how they manage this so delicate piece of mechanism year after year, almost wholly ignorant of its character. Death is never a mysterious Providence. The mystery of Providence is that men live at all.

That children, however, could be interested in topics which are generally considered to belong to the more advanced studies we might have thought on theory a question. Jean Macé has demonstrated that they can be. We have tried his book with our children, and speak from experience. The adoption of his works as treatises in kindergartens, both abroad and at home, will be accepted perhaps as a better evidence by our readers. If they doubt the feasibility of the experiment, they cannot do better than try it. Let the father that reads this article purchase one of these volumes, and, instead of racking his brain at evening for a story—turning his hungry children off with a pshaw! or remitting them to some of those unhealthy romances dignified by the mark of the Sabbath-school—let him read them a chapter out of "The Story of a Mouthful of Bread." It is most probable that he will find that his children will be provoked to ask him more questions than he can answer, and that he will rise himself from the perusal of its pages scarcely less instructed than his little audience. Let us add that the books are thoroughly practical; and that the mother, in her attempt to regulate the appetite of her children, will find in these volumes a most useful assistant.

FOLLY AS IT FLIES. Hit at by FANNY FERN. New York: G. W. Carleton & Co.

However much may be found to criticize in Fanny Fern's writing, there is a vast amount of truth, well-spoken. Though severe, she is generally impartial in her blows, excepting those which she deals at the clergy, creeds, and theology, which are sometimes too bitter. We regret, too, that her pages are sometimes sullied by a coarseness which is a strange contrast to her tender and loving words. Her pleas for the rights of little children, and the loving courtesy which should reign in the home-circle, are always good. Let us thank Fanny Fern for so much of good that she has written, while we beg her to consider that it may be possible that, in stabbing what seems to her not altogether unprejudiced eyes a stern and ungentle religion, she is really hurting the "Master." The poor paper and the numerous typographical errors in this book do little credit to the publishers, and materially detract from the pleasure of its perusal.

A model magazine, in its way, is *The Catholic World*. Of course, nothing can be further from our sympathies than the dogmas of the Roman Catholic Church. But this magazine is so thoroughly in earnest, and withal is so exceedingly good-tempered, that we are fond of reading it. "A Lady," who writes in the September number on the duties of her sex toward the unfortunate inmates of prisons, asylums, and various other public institutions, has a sensible head and a Christian heart. Another article contains the following fine tribute to the late Gov. Andrew, of Massachusetts:

"Whenever I see the right thing done in the right way for public offenders, I think of the man who first turned my attention to the subject of prison discipline—Governor Andrew, as he will be to us all in Massachusetts, no matter who holds the state reins. Surely, the sun has not often shone on any spirit more steadfast or more tender than his; surely, the days of chivalry produced no knightly courage more unblenching than his; surely, whatever blessings come to Massachusetts in her future career, her children will never forget how valiantly that brave man fought for judicious legislation, for a humane execution of the laws, and for the equal rights of Catholics and Protestants—will never forget John Albion Andrew!"

MR. ANSON WILLIS has written, and Messrs. Tibbals & Co., of this city, have published, a text-book for schools, entitled "Outlines of the United States Government: its origin, branches, departments, institutions, officers, and modes of operation." It is designed to enable students to acquire a knowledge of the nature and workings of our state and federal governments; and, though not very full, is a useful work so far as it covers the ground indicated in its title.

PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

BOOKS.

A Nest of Webster's Dictionaries, Published by Ivison, Phinney, Blakeman & Co., New York—viz.: 1. Academic Edition. Illustrated. 8vo, pp. 596; 2. A High School Dictionary. Royal 12mo, pp. 415; 3. A Common School Dictionary. 12mo, pp. 400; 4. A Primary School Dictionary. 12mo, pp. 352; 5. The Army and Navy Pocket Dictionary. 24mo, pp. 314. Tucked; & A Pocket Dictionary. 32mo, pp. 349.

Resources of California, comprising Agriculture, Mining, Geography, Climate, Commerce, and the Past and Future Development of the State. By John S. Hittell. Fourth edition, with an appendix on Oregon and Washington Territory. 12mo, pp. 498. Published by A. Roman & Co., San Francisco, and 27 Howard street, N. Y.

The Scientific Basis of Education, Demonstrated by an Analysis of the Temperaments and of Phrenological Facts. By John Hecker, 8vo, pp. 227. Second edition. Illustrated. Published by A. S. Barnes & Co., 111 and 113 William street.

Lessons on Political Economy; Designed as a Basis for Instruction in that Science in Schools and Colleges. By J. T. Champlin, President of Colby University, Maine. A. S. Barnes & Co., publishers. Decidedly in favor of free trade.

Todd's Country Homes, and How to Save Money to Buy a Home. By Serene E. Todd, of the New York *Times*, author of "Young Farmer's Manual," etc. Published by the author. 12mo, pp. 660.

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The Farmers' Column.

ADVICE TO BEGINNERS IN FRUIT-CULTURE.

BY A. S. FULLER.

I AM in constant receipt of letters asking advice in regard to fruit culture. These requests come mainly from young men who wish to engage in the business, but have little or no capital to begin with. Many of them appear to think that to secure a fortune it is only necessary to procure a piece of land and plant it with fruit-trees or bushes. But, as this is a very erroneous view of the subject, I take this opportunity to point out some of the difficulties which every successful fruit-grower has had to overcome before he has been able to make the business pay a profit upon the investment.

The first thing to be decided, after procuring the land on which to grow the fruit, is what varieties are best adapted to the location and soil. We all have our preferences in regard to kinds; and we may desire to cultivate none but the very best in quality, or those of large size. But in fruit-culture climate and soil are very often all-powerful; and we are compelled to grow what we can, and not what we most desire. It is just here that we find the great stumbling-block of pomology. Hundreds of men have gone into fruit-culture with more enthusiasm than wisdom. Consequently, they had no time to seek advice, nor to consider whether certain varieties or species were adapted to their location or not; but they planted largely of everything that was known to be good. Now, is it any wonder that such men fail in making fruit-culture a profitable business? They certainly would not succeed in any other employment, if they were to adopt a similar system. It is quite probable that the principal reason why beginners in fruit-culture make so many blunders is that they start out with the idea that it requires but very ordinary skill to accomplish the greatest feats ever performed in horticultural science: the acorn becomes an oak without the aid of man; the wild grape-vine climbs the tall tree, and this produces fruit, although never pruned or cultivated. Then why should we talk so much about the science and practice of horticulture, when it is all so very natural? Almost every novice in fruit-culture takes this view of the subject; and I regret to say that there are a few men having some experience who do much toward leading beginners into the same path by recommending little or no cultivation, forgetting that Nature has one aim in producing her fruits, and mankind, usually, quite another. Now, my advice on this point is, never think of planting anything that is not worthy of the best care. But the question may be asked, When is one to know what kinds are worth cultivation until they have been tried? Of course, it is only by experience that we can determine the value of the different varieties. Still it is not always necessary for every man to make separate experiments for the purpose of deciding upon the value of particular kinds of fruits; for, if it were so, then we should make very slow progress.

ADVANTAGE OF BOOKS.

A man who is about engaging in fruit-culture should read a few of the best works to be found on the subject. This will give him a general idea of the business. He should then make up his mind as to what one or more families of plants he will cultivate. But, before this decision is made, it is well to know whether his soil or location is well adapted to the cultivation of these kinds; for it must not be forgotten that one section of the country, without any regard to soil, is often far better suited to certain kinds of fruit than another. In the older states, a man need not go astray; for the experience of our older horticulturists is a pretty safe guide. For instance, if a young man has made up his mind to make grapes a specialty, he would then visit some of the most successful grape regions of the country, and examine the soil, location, varieties, and mode of culture; and then judge for himself whether his own location or soil is favorable, one or otherwise. If he be desirous of growing the different kinds of small fruit, let him adopt the same plan, visiting the nearest fruit-grower, and learn from him which are the most profitable kinds. Suppose a man is located in West or South Jersey, and wants to grow raspberries and blackberries, would it be wisdom for him to visit the great raspberry region on the Hudson for information? Not to variation. Nor, not by any means; for the very best in that section would be worthless a few miles further south. But, should the man visit the extensive plantations of William Parry, Colles, and other fruit-growers of West and South Jersey, he could acquire in one hour as much practical knowledge as he would be likely to obtain in ten years of personal experience. These men have demonstrated the fact that particular varieties are adapted to their location, and that others are not. The same information obtained from men of experience in all sections of the country; and young men who fail to make use of information which is so readily obtained scarcely deserve to be successful.

UNRELIABLE VARIETIES.

There may be men who will recommend certain varieties, because they have plants of the same to dispose of. Therefore, I would say, go and see the plants fruit in fruit, and satisfy yourself as to their value, before purchasing. A man had better travel a thousand miles, if by doing so he can decide as to the value of a fruit which he desires to cultivate extensively.

There is another point which is worthy of some consideration, which is, whether it is best to cultivate several varieties or only the best one. It is an old adage that, if a man has several irons in the fire, some of them are likely to burn. But, if we have only one iron, and that should be cold, our occupation is gone. I believe it better to make a specialty of certain kinds; but not to trust all upon one. If we grow nothing but pears, and a late spring frost kills the flowers, our income, for that season, is gone; but the expense of cultivation is the same, whether the trees produce fruit or not. It is just the same with other kinds of fruit. But it is seldom that all fail in any one season. I have known strawberries to be entirely destroyed, while raspberries and blackberries were uninjured. This season strawberries are exceedingly scarce; but raspberries were abundant. Consequently the man who has both is on the safe side.

A SUCCESSION OF FRUIT.

In cultivating the small fruits, I believe it to be the best policy to make the division about equal between the strawberry, raspberry, and blackberry, as a general rule. Of course, there will be exceptions; for, if a man has a suitable soil, he will not neglect the currant, gooseberry, cranberry, or grape.

Early strawberries are sometimes killed by late Spring frosts. Therefore, one should have at least one early and one late variety. When the strawberry is past, the black raspberry should succeed it. This is always a safe crop, and as a general thing pays a handsome profit. There are also early and late varieties of this berry. But the grower must decide for himself which one is most desirable, for markets differ. In some instances they are in greater demand at one time than another. The red raspberry and blackberry follow close upon the former, thus giving a succession for nearly or quite three months. Now the same boxes, baskets, and crates used for one of these berries may be used for all; and, by growing several kinds, we are enabled to keep the capital invested in the marketing apparatus constantly employed for several months, instead of a few days, as would be the case if only one kind were cultivated.

ADVANTAGES OF CULTIVATING A SUCCESSION.

Besides the above-named advantages, a less number of hands are necessary to take care of a certain number of acres when occupied with several varieties than when but one is grown. It will require the same number of days' work in the season, but distributed over a longer period of time. A man may be able to obtain ten hands at one time, but not twenty; and it is well for a fruit-grower never to place his property at the pleasure or mercy of hired help. I have always observed that the men who so arranged his plans that he was sure of a steady income was far more likely to get rich than the one who was on the lookout for large sums at one time; and this is the principal reason why I advise beginners in fruit-culture to grow a few of the best-known varieties and cultivate them well.—*Read at "The Fruit Growers' Club."*

PRACTICAL HINTS FOR FARMERS.

USEFUL BOOKS.—There are two agricultural books we would like to see in the hands of every farmer in the country. The first is "Waring's Elements of Agriculture," and the second "Waring's Draining for Profit and Health." They are so simple, so practical, that every one searching for the true useful mental *pabulum* will be more than delighted at their contents. We have occasion to refer to them often, and find them trustworthy guides.

In fruit culture, too, there are several volumes we never tire of reading. "Fuller's Small Fruit Culturist," "Fuller's Grape Culturist," "Henderson's Gardening for Profit," "Thomas's American Fruit Culturist," "Reports of the American Institute." Those we have named, together with "Farming for Boys" (a book that should be in the hands of every country boy), "Downing's Fruits and Fruit Trees of America," "Burr's Garden Vegetables," and "Facts for Farmers," we consider the cheapest and choicest practical library in the country. Every cultivator of the soil should be ashamed not to possess either one or the whole set.

In these days of agricultural progress, when thoughtful men are paying more attention to scientific agriculture, we consider the field open for the production of a work which shall be simple, practical, but thorough and instructive on all chemical and scientific subjects connected with the farm. Dr. Nichols's "Chemistry of the Farm and Sea" is excellent—a step in the right direction. "Sterility is Laid," or explanations of Prof. Ville's experiments, is also quite a help. "Waring's Elements of Agriculture" is the nearest approach to our *beau ideal;* but it is not quite perfect.

We have in our library an old volume, published 18 years ago, called "Rodgers's Scientific Agriculture," which we cherish with the deepest pleasure. If some one will combine all the good qualities of that with those of Waring, we shall not, for ten years to come, ask for anything better.

In these days of book-making and book-selling merely for money, rather than to impart good solid information, it is refreshing to turn back and pick up by bits the wisdom of those who wrote and spoke 20 and 50 years ago.

If you will only look, you will find in old books grains and kernels of choice taste and ripe knowledge.

Our fathers, and their fathers, knew the principles well which we now are endeavoring to elaborate with far too much superficiality and conceit. In our haste for improvement we forget the necessity of thoroughness.

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STATEMENT OF JULY 1, 1868.

CASH CAPITAL	$500,000 00
SURPLUS	1,512,622 50
CASH ASSETS	$2,012,622 50

THE
CONTINENTAL INSURANCE COMPANY
insures against loss and damage by fire on all kinds of buildings, merchandise, household furniture, farm property, including stock, RENTS, LEASES, and all other insurable property, at *reasonable rates of Premium*, on the PARTICIPATING PLAN, dividing three-fourths of the profits to its customers in scrip bearing interest at six per cent. per annum, redeemable in cash in the order of its issue, as rapidly as the accumulation represented by the scrip exceeds the sum of $500,000.
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PREMIUMS, POLICIES, AND DIVIDENDS ALL CASH!
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DIVIDENDS AVAILABLE AT END OF SECOND YEAR AND ANNUALLY THEREAFTER.
Average Dividends have been to date as follows:
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CASH CAPITAL	$200,000 00
SURPLUS	50,472 80
CAPITAL AND SURPLUS, April 1st, 1867	$250,472 80

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IN CASH
as any in the country, at the same time giving them the privilege of availing themselves of the
LOAN,
should the necessity arise.
ALL POLICIES ARE NON-FORFEITING AFTER THREE YEARLY CASH PAYMENTS HAVE BEEN MADE.
The Progress of this Company is Shown by the Table Annexed:

Year.	New Policies.	No. of Policies issued each year.	Gross Receipts.	Amount Insured by New Policies.	Total Gross Assets.	Increase over previous year in Gross Assets.
1860	204	204	$60,000	$400,000	$70,000	
1861	225	429	69,531	1,000,000	140,000	$70,000
1862	325	754	82,817	1,800,000	322,000	182,000
1863	1,000	1,754	146,411	3,815,743	1,000,000	678,000
1864	1,204	2,958	286,000	6,641,870	1,800,000	800,000
1865	1,500	4,458	732,000	9,000,000	2,800,000	1,000,000
1866	1,200	5,658	1,200,000	9,070,965	4,000,000	1,200,000
1867	1,253	6,911	1,500,000	9,070,965	5,500,000	1,500,000

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☞ Liberal Commissions to experienced Agents.

Atlantic Mutual Insurance Co.
NEW YORK January 25th, 1868.
The Trustees, in conformity to the Charter of the Company, submit the following Statement of its affairs on the 31st December, 1867.

Premiums received on Marine Risks, from 1st January, to 31st Dec., 1867	$7,322,018 75
Premiums on Policies not marked off 1st Jan., 1867	2,808,100 71
Total amount of Marine Premiums	$10,130,119 46
No Policies have been issued upon Life Risks, for upon Fire Risks disconnected with Marine Risks,	
Premiums marked off from 1st January, 1867, to 31st December, 1867	$7,597,123 16
Losses paid during the same period	$4,224,564 61
Returns of Premiums and Expenses	$1,305,985 98

The Company has the following Assets, viz.:

United States and State of New York Stock, City, Bank, and other Stocks	$6,864,495 00
Loans, secured by Stocks, and otherwise	2,175,450 00
Real Estate and Bonds and Mortgages	210,000 00
Interest, and sundry notes and claims due the Company, estimated at	222,414 22
Premium Notes and Bills Receivable	8,222,453 27
Cash in Bank	378,374 62
Total Amount of Assets	$18,108,177 11

Six per cent. interest on the outstanding certificates of profits will be paid to the holders thereof, or their legal representatives, on and after Tuesday, the Fourth of February next.
FIFTY per cent. of the outstanding certificates of the issue of 1865 will be redeemed and paid to the holders thereof, or their legal representatives, on and after Tuesday, the Fourth of February next, from which date interest on the amount so redeemable will cease. The certificates to be produced at the time of payment and canceled to the extent paid.
A dividend of Thirty per cent. is declared on the net earned premiums of the Company for the year ending 31st December, 1867, for which certificates will be issued on and after Tuesday, the Seventh of April next.
By order of the Board.
J. H. CHAPMAN, Secretary.

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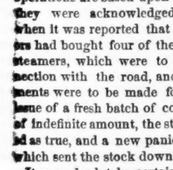

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No. 56 White st., New York.

Financial & Commercial.

TALK, GOSSIP, AND NEWS.

We trust that our readers will not think we give too much space to Erie; for Erie is, in fact, the dominating topic of the street, and forms the chief subject of discussion in all financial circles. It has been expected that the other speculative stocks, as well as the speculators, would cut adrift from Erie and leave it to take care of itself. But it has sufficient vitality left to magnetize all the other stocks, and to create a disturbance on the Stock Exchange. It has now fallen into such hands that any wild stories circulated about it by interested parties are instantly received as true, and operations are based upon them as though they were acknowledged facts. Thus, when it was reported that the Erie directors had bought four of the Sound lines of steamers, which were to be run in connection with the road, and that the payments were to be made for them by the issue of a fresh batch of convertible bonds of indefinite amount, the story was accepted as true, and a new panic was produced which sent the stock down to 44.

It was absolutely certain that Mr. Fisk had bought the Bristol line of steamers; but whether the Erie Company had become the purchaser was a subject of doubt.

There was another rumor to the effect that the directors had been large sellers of short stock, which had a very bearish effect on the market.

It is supposed that the Vanderbilt party are holding off, waiting for the time to come when the shares run down to a mere nominal price, when they will either step in and take possession or force the road into the hands of a receiver. Nobody pretends to have any belief in its value for investment purposes at its present price.

Messrs John Stewart and James H. Bancker, whose election to the board of directors as friends of Commodore Vanderbilt caused a considerable advance in the stock, have declined to accept the places to which they were elected; and Mr. Frank Work, of the old board, who was elected a year ago, has resigned his place. These resignations have not tended to strengthen confidence in the concern.

Michigan Southern, among the railroads, notwithstanding the favorable report made of the condition of the road, and its good prospects, has continued to decline. In three weeks it has gone down about 12 per cent.

New York Central has fallen, in sympathy with Erie, full ten per cent.; and it is understood that the friends of the road are willing to see it go lower, for the purpose of buying in. Unless there should be a very tight money market, it will prove a good purchase at anything below 125.

Hudson River has declined to 135, after selling up to 146.

The complexion of the street has been very blue for the whole week, and every little advance was immediately succeeded by a fall. The brokers have had the market entirely to themselves, and outsiders have been cautiously looking on.

The Northwestern shares have been strongly held up, and are likely to be, unless something should happen to the two or three firms who hold the greater part of the stock, and who cannot afford to permit a break in them, which might result in ruin to themselves.

The rapid changes of values on the Stock Exchange obliterate all recollections, and every one thinks only of the present moment—looking neither forward nor back. Now and then, though, there is a man with a memory, who thinks, with Solomon, that what has happened once will happen again; and when stocks go up rapidly sell short for a fall, and when they go down rapidly buy for a rise. Looking back to a month ago, what changes may be noted. On the 23d of July, Erie sold at 89; it has since sold at 48. New York Central at 134; and it has since sold at 123. And we take these two stocks as representing the best and the worst in the speculative list. Nothing has occurred during the time that these changes took place which in any manner affected their value. The money market all the while remained easy, and the price of gold varied but three or four per cent. What is the cause of such violent fluctuations? Bank stocks, in the meanwhile, underwent no change at all. In regard to Erie, speculators are always afraid to go away with any on hand; nobody has any faith in it; and it is bought and sold on a sudden impulse, for which no satisfactory explanation can be given. Everybody will acknowledge that an eight per cent. stock, like New York Central, is not worth more than par, while ten per cent. stocks can be bought at 105 to 110. But those who are in the secrets of the Central management know that it is worth 150 on the books, and that by and by it will make at extra 50 per cent. dividend, either in stock or cash; and it is the stories that are either invented, or the facts that become known in relation to this expected dividend, that have caused the price to fluctuate so violently. The rest of the market has been sympathetically affected to a certain extent by these leading stocks, and the fears of a severe tightening in money as the season advances and the October quarterly bank statement approaches.

MONEY MARKET.

The bank statement for the past week is more unfavorable than was anticipated; but no symptoms of scarcity have been indicated by the transactions between borrowers and lenders. Bankers have found it difficult to make loans at 4 per cent., and on Saturday money was freely offered to good borrowers at 3, and in some cases even as low as 2½.

Discounts have advanced a little on an increased offering of business paper, and rates have been established at 6 to 7 per cent. But money is in large supply, notwithstanding the large shipments that have been made to the West. Considerable uncertainty pervades the minds of speculators and business men as to the future of gold. The price fell to 144 on Saturday, but rallied again to 144¾. On Monday the market opened at 143, and closed at 145¾. The shipments to Europe are comparatively light, but the city banks lose for the week over $3,000,000. For the moment, the bears have the best of the market.

The condition of the associated banks, according to the weekly statement, shows specie, and $2,352,25[illegible] to [illegible] deposits and the circulation there is an increase of $28,540. The totals of the last two statements are as subjoined:

	August 15.	August 22.
Loans	$277,808,020	$278,248,781
Specie	22,053,830	19,768,691
Circulation	34,114,667	34,157,667
Deposits	222,501,087	216,453,405
Legal-tenders	72,053,481	68,757,648

NEW PRINCIPLES OF LIFE INSURANCE.

To insure one's life is the absolute duty of every man who has others dependent upon him for support. But to do this, as it may now be done, is not only a duty, but an investment of remarkable profit.

It is banking; it is lending money, year by year, and little by little, on bond and mortgage, that will roll up a handsome principal to be paid to us when we are old, or to our families to-morrow, if, perchance, the "silver cord should be sundered or the bowl be broken at the fountain." New features and principles of life insurance are being inaugurated by the National Life Insurance Company, chartered by Congress, with a paid-up cash capital of One Million Dollars, and under the management of the ablest and best known financiers of the country. This is a stock company, conducted on the cash principle; its rates of premium are much lower than those of companies conducted on the mutual system; it imposes no unnecessary restrictures upon policy-holders in regard to travel, residence, occupation, etc., but allows unusually liberal terms; all its policies are non-forfeiting, each containing a guarantee of a paid-up policy for a proportionate amount. All policies, not exceeding ten thousand dollars, in favor of wife, children, or other persons, are exempt from seizure by the creditors of the person insured. No charge is made for medical examinations, stamps, etc.; and no extra charge is made for insuring the lives of females.

One of the new features referred to is the Return Premium Life Plan, by which all premiums paid to the company will be returned at the death of the person whose life is insured. That is, if a person aged thirty should insure his life for $10,000, by paying an annual premium of $257 50, and should die in the first year, the National Life Insurance Company would pay his heirs $10,257 50. The company is enabled to do this by the judicious use of the money it receives. No matter how long the policy-holder may live, or how large the amount of his premiums, the total sum will be repaid at his death. In twelve years his policy would be increased on this plan $3,290, making it worth $13,290. In fact, he gets his insurance for almost nothing, losing no more than the interest on his annual premiums.

Another excellent form of insurance is that of the Endowment Policies, by which the company contracts to pay the amount of the policy in a certain number of years, or to his heirs in case of his previous death. This is an admirable method of investment, as it secures to the insured a competency in his old age; or, if he dies early, it gives to his family an amount much greater than any ordinary investment could realize. Then there is the Income Producing Plan, which deserves to become immensely popular. These policies not only pay the full amount of insurance in case of death at any time; but they embody a contract, by which the company is bound to pay the insured, after a certain term of years, an annual income so long as he survives.

These are some of the principles of this new company, the organization of which we have carefully examined, and can unreservedly pronounce worthy of universal confidence. It should be made fully known to the people of the United States, for it brings the benefits of life insurance within the reach of all. It is not only the interest, but it is the duty, of every man who thoughtfully considers the uncertainty of life to take the ordinary business precautions for the welfare of his wife and children; and no system can be safer and more certain to protect them from want than that which we have explained in this article.

BANKING AND FINANCIAL.

SIX PER CENT., IN GOLD, INTEREST. Principal (also in coin) abundantly secured. The FIRST MORTGAGE 30-YEAR BONDS of the CENTRAL PACIFIC RAILROAD CO. are among the very best, safest, and most advantageous securities now offered. They have special guarantees from state and national enactments, represent the first lien upon the best portion of the Great Pacific Railroad line, and are already in great esteem here and in Europe. They yield at present rates more than eight per cent. upon the investment, and the loan is being rapidly taken. The Central Pacific Railroad is well and substantially built, it will be completed within twelve months, *and its revenues are in specie.*

For sale at 108 and accrued interest from July 1, in currency, by

FISK & HATCH,
Bankers, and General Agents for the Loan, No. 5 Nassau street.

A CHRISTIAN INSTITUTION.

We again insert the advertisement of the Manhattan Co-operative Relief Association. We know of no plan of insurance better than this.

The first thing to consider in taking out a life-policy is this: Are the men who propose to take our money in trust honest? We know the character of all the parties connected with this movement. The president and treasurer are especially known as men of unimpeachable honor and integrity. We know of no men in New York their superiors.

The next point is this: Must we pay four or five hundred dollars a year, and then fail at last from the misfortune of not being able to come to time in our payments?

In the Manhattan Relief Association we find no equal upon this very point. A man pays $6, and becomes a member of the Association. He then pays one dollar and ten cents occasionally—about often enough to make it not cost him over $25 to $30 annually. This dollar and ten cents is a tax to pay the policies of large amounts to deceased members' heirs. Suppose a class consists of just 5,000 persons: A man dies; each member of the class pays one dollar and ten cents; one dollar goes to the widow from each member, and ten cents to pay the expenses of the Association. Now, it is a remarkable fact that we can average the members of this class that will die annually with such accuracy as to know that the expense to each member can scarcely average $30 annually. What do we have, then, but a Life Insurance Company, gotten up on the co-operative principle, so that for the sum of a little over fifty cents a week, or about eight cents a day, less than you pay for your daily paper, you are sure to leave a sum of $5,000 to your family?

The National Trust Company, of which Mr. Darius P. Mangam, a prominent and very wealthy citizen of New York, is president, holds the Trust or Sinking Fund of the Association.

There remains but one more point to notice. The funds of this Association are not so [illegible] as that of the failure of the Government to pay its bonds. We predict for this Association a grand success. Its mission is a humane one, sanctioned by every precept of New Testament teaching, and sustained by the results of the most searching scrutiny.

Our readers, especially pastors, are invited to investigate it. We have no other interest in the thing than to do good to all men, and especially aid in putting far from us that poverty which is at once the bane of society, the parent of crime, and the foe of happiness. Send for a circular to the address given in the advertisement in another column.—*Church Union.*

We believe the officers of the Manhattan to be honest and responsible, and their plan fairly set forth in their prospectus, to which we direct those contemplating Life Insurance, leaving each to judge for himself.—*New York Tribune, August 11th.*

THE PACIFIC INSURANCE COMPANY OF CALIFORNIA.

NEARLY all the foreign insurance agencies in New York represent Eastern companies, belonging either in the New England States or Great Britain. But there has recently been established here an agency for a Fire Insurance Company on the Pacific side of the Continent, which is entitled to special consideration. Messrs. Frame, Hare & Lockwood, No. 202 Broadway, are the agents, for the whole district east of the Rocky Mountains of the Pacific Insurance Company of San Francisco. This company possesses certain characteristics which render it specially worthy of attention. Its capital is $1,000,000, and, as appears from its last annual statement, it has a surplus of assets amounting to $289,818 09 in gold. The directors, who comprise some of the best merchants on the Pacific coast, are personally responsible for the company's losses, not to the limited amount of stock which they hold, as is the case in some other companies, but for the entire responsibilities of the company. Among the local directors for this city are Louis McLane, Esq.; J. Lees, Esq.; J. E. Kellogg, Esq.; and Frederick Billings, Esq.; the mention of whose names is sufficient to entitle the company to the confidence of the business public.

DRY GOODS.

To say that the state of trade in dry goods for the past week has not been altogether satisfactory would hardly convey a sense of the real state of the case, which may be more strongly put. It has been very unsatisfactory; and yet the city is full of Western purchasers, who manifest no special hurry to take hold. As they must begin to buy sooner or later, when they do take hold, it will be with a simultaneous movement, which will be very likely to send up prices. We think it is a great mistake to wait for a decline of prices this Fall. Those who do will have to pay for their temerity. This is the last week in August, and September will probably prove the most active business month of the whole year.

Cotton goods have been halting between two leading jobbing firms, and prices have slightly weakened; but in woolens there has been an active demand, and prices have been firm.

In unbleached cottons there has been some excitement, owing to the disposition shown by certain prominent jobbers to depress the market by offering standard makes at about a cent, a yard lower than the manufacturers' prices. The result is not favorable to a fall, as evinced by the manufacturers' agents. Massachusetts and Newmarket standards are firmly held by commission-houses at 16½, and Wachusetts 17½.

In bleached shirtings and sheetings there is no noticeable change since last week. The stock in first hands is accounted small for the season, and no disposition is shown by manufacturers' agents to make any concessions in prices. There has been some improvement in the demand, but transactions are still limited for the season.

Cotton flannels are selling rather more freely, but without change of price.

Corset jeans are in steady demand at our quotations.

There appears to be more doing in drills, though the demand is confined to the near trade. The stock on hand is reported light.

Apron checks are in good demand, and prices are firm.

Stripes and ticks are dull. Denims and cottonades are in fair demand for the better qualities, but there is very little doing in light weights.

In prints there has been an unsettled feeling, caused chiefly by an indiscreet movement on the part of the Merrimack in closing out their light work at a decline of one cent a yard, which naturally created a feeling that a similar decline would take place in other kinds of work. But this expectation was disappointed. The Fall patterns are selling freely and at firm prices. The Spragues offer an unusually attractive assortment of dark work.

Ginghams are not in lively demand, but prices are unchanged.

Rolled jaconets and cambrics sell freely, but in small lots; and there is a fairly active demand for silesias.

Italian cloths are in good request from the clothing trade.

There is a very encouraging business in dress-goods; and muslin de laines, which have been unremunerative to manufacturers for some time past, are now in fair demand. The supply is not in excess and the sales are good.

In shawls there is something like a revival, and the sales of popular makes are quite large; as the Fall styles are attractive and the demand is good, it is not unlikely that prices will advance.

There is a good demand for most kinds of woolen goods, and cloths are fairly sustained, but without marked change in prices. There is a bitter demand for fancy cassimeres, but saincts are a shade lower. Kentucky jeans remain without improvement. Carpets are not in good demand, but there are no indications of a fall in prices. In flannel, both twilled and plain, there is more doing and prices are firm.

In foreign goods thre is considerable animation; the auction sales have been commenced, and have been well attended. The market is well supplied, and importations for the past week of goods adapted to the coming season have been unusually heavy. The jobbers donot buy with reckless avidity, but show commendable discrimination in making their selections for the season. There are indications of a good wholesome Fall trade. Silk goods are about ten per cent. higher than last year's prices.

GENERAL MARKET REPORT.

[A Table of Quotations will be found in another column.]

BREADSTUFFS. —The review of the breadstuffs for the past week we extract from the New York Produce Exchange *Price Current:* Flour and Meal.—Since this day week we have had a comparatively quiet Flour market. The more liberal arrivals and less favorable news from Europe have given buyers a decided advantage, and all grades have declined, and even at the concession jobbers operate with much caution, only buying for their immediate wants, anticipating large [illegible] of family brands the ensuing month, [illegible] they are likely to be mistaken. We also think they are likely relatively now are that farmers are not [illegible] operations sellers at prices that will give millers much, if any, margin to operate. The receipts of New Flour have increased, and we find the major part of it is not equal to that of last year. The fact is, we have not produced the Wheat to give us a very large surplus of very choice family brands; but of medium qualities we shall doubtless have a very liberal supply, and are likely to have a very wide range in prices. We have added somewhat to our stock; and this, with the reduced limits to foreign orders has greatly restricted purchases, and we find shipping brands are still too high to admit of an active trade. The decline since our last is 40@60 cts. ℔ bbl. on some grades, and on others 75c. @$1 ℔ bbl. Old Flour has been in fair demand, but at much lower figures. The quality of the New Flour from Tennessee and Kentucky is superior to that of last year; especially is this true of those old favorite brands from the former state. Superfine and No. 2 have sold well, though at lower figures, and are not plenty. Sour has been in fair demand, and, with less offering, prices areunchanged. The exports of the week reach 7,032 bbls.; including 1,740 bbls. to Europe, 13,500 bbls. to South America and the West Indies, and 1,852 bbls. for the corresponding last year. Canadian Flour has been in limited demand, and Old White Wheat Extras have sold slowly at $11 75@12 75 per bbl. No New has been reported as yet. California Flour has been in fair demand, but prices have declined and are heavy at the close. Choice brands are still scarce and wanted. Sales of the week are 5,800 bags. Southern Flour has been offered rather more freely; and, to effect sales, a decline has been submitted to daily on the low and medium grades. Rye Flour has been in less active demand, and is very heavy at the close. Corn Meal has been in better demand, has improved, and closes firm, brisk.—The inquiry for Wheat the past week has been moderate; and under the decline in [illegible] and in the low grades of Flour prices have fluctuated and are lower. New Amber Western has been offered more freely, has declined, and closes very heavy. White, on the contrary, has been in demand at improved prices, and is very scarce indeed. From the Northwest we have more favorable reports of their crop; the quality and yield in the more northern counties of the Spring Wheat-growing states are better, and we learn the bulk of the crop has been secured in fine order. This will give us a fine surplus for export, and we trust farmers may be induced to sell promptly; as, by holding until next Spring, they may be compelled to accept lower prices. The exports of the week are 14,756 bush., against 29,193 bush. the corresponding week last year. Oats have been fairly active, though at lower and irregular prices. The receipts of New have been larger, but we notice a rapid reduction in our stock, and many holders are not disposed to sell freely. At the close the demand was moderate and the market lower. Indian Corn has been in good demand, mainly for the trade and the East, though we have had a better inquiry for export; and, but for the extreme prices current, the business would have been much larger. We have had a more active inquiry for investment, and a considerable portion of that in store has changed hands. We have added largely to our stock, and find it exceeds 1,900,000 bush., which is large for the season. The prospects for this crop were never better; and, should we have good weather a fortnight longer, the crop at the West would be out of danger from frost. The crop at the South is already made, and is probably the largest ever raised. The exports of the week are 180,421 bush., against 244,678 bush. for the corresponding week last year.

COFFEE.—Importers having reduced their views fully ¼c. on all grades, and the premium on gold dropping off several points, both local and Western jobbers have been induced to operate with great freedom in Rio Coffee; the market presenting a more animated tone than for many weeks. Really prime and choice qualities are very scarce and held with much confidence, though there appears to be a general feeling of uniformity at the close. West India grades, as well as Java, continue to move very slowly at irregular rates. We quote at 9¾@11 cts. for fair to good cargoes Rio in bond, 13@17¼ cts. for Rio in parcels, duty paid, 21½@23½ for Java, 15@17 cts. for Maracaibo, and 15@16½ cts. for Laguayra.

COTTON.—There has been some irregularity in this market since our last; but on the whole the tendency has rather been upward, and we quote an improvement of about 1c. ℔ lb. on all grades. The brisk demand for American Cottons at advancing figures, in the Liverpool market, as telegraphed per cable, has been the main cause of the improvement; and as a noticeable feature we record the purchase of nearly two thousand bales by exporters, their selections in most cases being made from the ordinary qualities. Speculators have operated with more freedom, but the largest proportion of the business continues, as heretofore, with spinners. At the close there is not much activity, but a firm tone at 30@30¾ cts. for Middling Uplands, to 30½@31¼ cts. for do. New Orleans and Texas.

PROVISIONS.—Mess Pork has undergone no change of importance during the week; the few slight fluctuations all being within a range of about 20 cts. per barrel. Holders, in most cases, seem inclined to reduce their stocks; but as yet have not forced the market, hopeful that buyers who never operate very cautiously may show more eagerness before the new crop begins to arrive. Prime Mess continues in demand, and is $1 per barrel higher. Other kinds without important change. We quote Old Mess (nominally) at $26 62½@$26 75, New Mess $28 50@$28 60, Prime Mess $25 50@$25 75, Extra Prime $26 75, Prime $23 25, Rumps $27, and City of Mess at $28 50, seller September, and $27 75, seller October. Beef is moderately active, and prime lots continue scarce at full prices. The fright in regard to the cattle plague has had no effect whatever on this market. We quote at $12@$20 50 for Plain Mess and $20@$24 50 for Extra Mess. Tierce Beefs not inquired after, and remains nominal. Beef Hams are in fair demand, and all desirable parcels remain firm at $29@$31 per bbl. Cut Meats are scarce, and a few lots of desirable quality could easily be sold at full figures. We quote at 18@18¼ cts. for Salted Shoulders, 16@17 cts. for do. Hams, 19@20 cts. for Pickled Hams, 20@23 cts. for Bagged Hams, and 14½@15 cts. for Smoked Shoulders. Bacon continues in request, and the few small lots offering are quickly taken up at 17¼@18 cts. for Ice-cured Sides, 14@16¼ cts. for Long Cut Hams, and 16¼@16¾ cts. for Old Short Ribbed, to arrive. Smoked Short Rib sells at 17¾@18 cts. Lard continues quiet at previous figures, a difference of ¼ ct. between buyers and sellers preventing operations. We quote at 18¼ cts. for No. 1, 18¼ cts. for City, 18¾@19 cts. for Steam, and 19@19¼ cts. for Kettle Rendered.

SUGARS.—The decline in gold and continued heavy arrivals have finally induced holders to give way, and we note a full decline on Raw of ⅛@¼c. per lb., with considerable anxiety to realize at the reduction. A fair business has been consummated, chiefly with refiners. We quote at 10⅝@11 cts. for Fair to Good Refinery, 11¼@11¾ cts. for Fair to Good Grocery, and 11¾ cts. for No. 12 Box Dutch Standard. Refined are selling slowly and are lower, closing at 15¾@15¾ cts. for Powdered, Granulated, and Crushed, 14½@15¼ cts. for Soft White, and 13½@14⅝ cts. for do. Yellow.

POSTSCRIPT.

LATEST DRY GOODS QUOTATIONS.

IMPORTANT TO EVERY MERCHANT IN THE UNITED STATES.

MONDAY EVENING, August 24, 1868.

THE following are the wholesale net cash prices of all the leading styles of Domestic Dry Goods sold in the New York market. It is confidently believed that this weekly information, specially reported to THE INDEPENDENT, (and more perfectly than in any other newspaper in the city), is worth, to every dry goods merchant, ten times the subscription price of the paper

PRINTS.

Merrimack, W	15¼	Amoskeag	18
Merrimack, D	15¾	Lowell	11
Cocheco, L	14	Wamsutta	10
Sprague	14	Victory	11¼
Pacific	14	Wauregan	13
American	13½	Arnold	11½
Dunnells	13½	Hamilton	13½
Allens	13½	Richmond	13½
Manchester	13½	Gloucester	13½
Freemans	13	Mourning	12½
Briggs	11¾	Lancaster	13½
Nassau	13½	Oriental	13½

GINGHAMS.

Lancaster	18	Hartford	14½
Berkshire	15	Roanoke	13
Caledonia	16	Glasgow	17

BROWN SHEETINGS.

Amoskeag, A	17	Pocasset, F	11¾
Lawrence, C	10½	Pepperell, B	15
" H	14	" E	15
" O, F, G	13¾	" O	13
" M	13½	" N	12
Pacific, Extra	14½	" I	10½
" H	16½	" A	9¾
" I	14	" C	8½
Atlantic, A	17	" H	10½
" H	17½	Boot, S	15½
" D	14	" R	13½
" V	14	" E	12
" N	13½	Appleton, A	17
Superior, TXL	18	Laconia, H	16½
Shawmut, C	16	" G	14½
Agawam, F	13½	" E	13
Black A	16½	" C	12½
Massachusetts	15	Lyman, B	15½
" BB	14	" D	13½
" E, F, S	13½	" G	11½
Indian Head	14	Dilla	13½
Exeter, A	13½	Tremont, C	13½
" B	12½	Ingnar Orchard, A	16
Medford	15½	" B	15½
Augusta	15½	" W	13½
Gilboa	18½	Great Falls, H	9½
Pittsfield, A	13½	" M	15½
Kennebec	10¾	" S	13½
Everett, A	14½	Cabot, A	15
Shannon	13½	" W	13
Bedford, R	11	Dwight, A	11½
Conesto Co.	8½	" B	10½

BLEACHED MUSLINS.

New York Mills	35	Ballou & Son	16
Wamsutta	33½	Lonsdale	16
"	30	" Cambric	37½
Tuscarora	23½	Hill	25
Williamsville	18	"	18
Bates	18	Barlow, 36-inch	18½
White Rock	18	" 31-inch	16½
Forestdale	18	James Mfg. Co. 36-inch	16½
Indian River, A	14	" 31-inch	15½
" AA	12½	" 30-inch	14½
" XX	15	Great Falls, J	17
Masonville	14	" S	15
Blackstone	13½	" E	13
Hope	16½	Red Bank	17
Langdon	15	Waltham, A	14
42-inch	17	" 42-inch	16½
36-inch	15	"	14
Waureagan	20	"	12½
Pepperell	24	"	9½
"	22½	Franklin M'f'g Co.	14½
"	20½	Bay Mills	14
"	19½	Putnam, A	18
"	18½	" B	15½
Utica	16	Green, G	14½
"	14	Amoskeag, A	18½
"	12½	" C	14½
Boot, R	14	Whitesville	16
" H	15½	Thorndike	12½
" E	13		
Androscoggin	15½		
Canoe	9¾		

DENIMS.

Amoskeag	30	Otis Company, CC	28
York	30	" BB	26
Blue Hill	16	" AA	30
Northfield	15	Warren Brown	16½
Oakland	20	Lewiston, Brown	18½
Working Man's	35	Columbian	30
Union	17		

STRIPED SHIRTINGS.

Amoskeag	24	Whittenton, A	20
York	52½	" BB	16
Encasville	15½	" C	14
American	14½	Eagle	12½
Hamilton	24	Thorndike	22½
Everett	13		

TICKS.

York, 30-inch	25	Thorndike	18
York, 32-inch	33½	Methuen, AA	32
Amoskeag, A, C, A	30	Hamilton, Steadfast	30
" A	30	Willow Brook	31
" C	26	Everett	30
" D	23	" A, Extra	30
Conestoco	27	Hampden, CC	30
" Extra	25	Laurel River	30
Swift River	18	Pittsfield	19

CORSET JEANS.

Amoskeag	14	Pepperell	15½
Laconia	14	Bates	15½
Naumkeag Satteen	17½	Indian Orchard	12½
New Market	14	Everett	15

BROWN DRILLS.

Amoskeag	18	Appleton	18
Peacerell	18	Richmond	18
Laconia	18	Augusta	16
Stark, A	18	Winthrop	14½

DELAINES.

Pacific	20	Lowell	19
Hamilton	20	Sprague	19
Manchester	20	Pittsfield	21

CANTON FLANNELS.

Hamilton	28½	Ellerton T	17½
Laconia	22½	" P	24
Pemberton, C	20	Amoskeag	19
" A	27½	Nashua	19

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SEVEN PER CENT. INTEREST IN GOLD.
PRINCIPAL ALSO PAYABLE IN GOLD.
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They pay seven per cent. interest—Feb. 1st and Aug. 1st—in gold coin, *free of Government tax.* The principal also is payable in gold.
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Each bond is for $1,000, or £200 sterling. Interest is payable in New York or London, at the option of the holder.
These bonds are fully secured, being a first lien of $5,000,000 upon 200 miles of railway, costing $10,000,000, and traversing the finest district of Illinois; also upon 20,000 ACRES OF LAND, estimated to contain 100,000,000 tons of coal. These lands, on the completion of the railroad through them, will be worth more than the whole amount of the mortgage.
For all the coal this Company can produce there is a ready market; 1,000 miles of railway and the population of 30,000 square miles of territory can be supplied with fuel from its mines, more readily and cheaply than from any other quarter.
One-half the means required for the construction and equipment of the railroad, and for the purchase of coal-lands, is derived from the sale of capital stock, to which large subscriptions are made along the line of road and elsewhere.
The work of construction is proceeding with great rapidity, and the first division of fifty miles, giving an outlet to the coal, will be in full operation by 1st January next.
The estimated earnings of this line of railway, with its coal business, are threefold what will be required to pay interest on its bonds.
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At 95, the present price, and with gold at 40 premium, the bonds pay an income of over 10 per cent. per annum.
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